



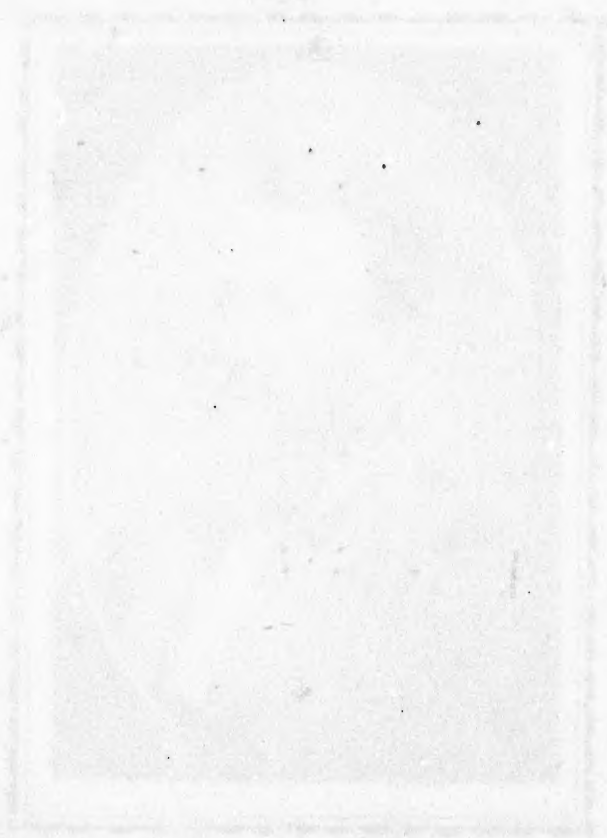
DISPATCH BY

REPRESENTATIONS.

AT THE DE DEBANA, 30

OF THE MIDDLE

OF THE



DISCURSORY
RUMINATIONS,

A FIRESIDE DRAMA, &c. &c.,

BY

WILLIAM MURDOCH,

AUTHOR OF "POEMS AND SONGS."

"I am nae poet, in a sense,
But just a rhymmer, like, by chance,
An' hae to learning nae pretence,
Yet, what the matter?
Whene'er my muse does on me glance,
I jangle at her."—BURNS.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY H. CHUBB & CO.,
1876.

DISCOURSE

ILLUMINATION

A THEOLOGICAL DISCOURSE

BY

THOMAS H. HENRY AND JONAS

AND THE
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
AT
AND THE
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
AT

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY H. CHURCH & CO.

1878

TO

H. L. SPENCER, ESQUIRE,

The Incognito "Enylla Allyne,"

As a small recognition of his truth as a Friend,
his worth as a Man, and his merit as a
Poet, this Volume is inscribed by

THE AUTHOR.

H. L. SPENCER ESQUIRE

The Lawyer - Boston, Mass.

As a friend, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst.

and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR

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PREFACE.

On two former occasions I have made my bow to the public of the Lower Provinces, and in both instances received such a hearty welcome that I have again been induced to make my third appearance. With the hope that the offering I now place upon the altar of public opinion may be equally acceptable, I remain,

Respectfully,

Your debtor,

WILLIAM MURDOCH.

PREFACE

The first of the series of lectures on the history of the English language was given at the University of Cambridge in 1875. It was the first of a series of lectures on the history of the English language, which were given at the University of Cambridge from 1875 to 1885. The lectures were given by the late Professor John A. H. Murray, who was then the Professor of English Literature at the University of Cambridge. The lectures were published in 1885, and have since been reprinted several times. The lectures are now published in a new edition, which has been revised and corrected by the late Professor Murray's son, Mr. John A. H. Murray, who is now the Professor of English Literature at the University of Cambridge. The new edition is published in two volumes, and contains the same material as the original edition, but with some additions and corrections. The new edition is published in a new format, and is more convenient for use in the classroom. The new edition is published in a new format, and is more convenient for use in the classroom.

JOHN A. H. MURRAY

Cambridge

UNIVERSITY PRESS

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DISCURSORY RUMINATIONS ;

A FIRESIDE DRAMA, &c.

DISCURSORY RUMINATIONS

ON MEN AND THINGS.

That I'm no scholar every body knows,
And so did the Professors of the College
In which I graduated, yet my foes
Will grant, of men and things I have some knowl-
edge ;

But how acquired, if not by intuition,
I frankly own, exceeds my erudition.

Some fifty years I've sojourned here below,
Midst joys, and griefs, and cares, like other mortals,
And still, as years advance and grey hairs grow,
And death begins to show his dismal portals,
I feel just as I did in former seasons,
Yet, for this fact, can give no valid reasons.

I, from my window, mark the rising tide
Sweep up our Bay in all its ride and fury,

Engulphing everything from side to side,
Nor waits consent of either judge or jury ;
All are its prey, rocks, shells, and slimy boulders
Are each in turn submerged o'er head and shoulders.

And when at flood, how beautiful it seems ;
All loathsomeness is hid beneath its waters,
While o'er its surface sport the brilliant beams
Of old King Phœbus. These his lovely daughters,
Like every other daughter, bright, elastic,
But yet, withal, as changeful and fantastic.

All love and radiance while fortune smiles
On him they've smitten, the devoted lover ;
All coy, and chary of their witching wiles
If that same fortune's frown should o'er him hover ;
Let it grow blacker, burst, then mark his wonder
To find himself forsaken midst the thunder.

E'en while I sit the tide again recedes,
And leaves all as before, black, loathsome, ugly ;
A cloud of seabirds settle 'mong the weeds,
And make their prey of mollusks, bedded snugly
Among the rocks, nor deem'd themselves in danger
Till that broad bill said, " Come in, little stranger."

Just so with man as with the mollusk—now
He thinks himself all right, his cup is flowing,
His business prosp'rous, health sits on his brow,
His ledger's in the safe, a fair wind blowing,
That wafts his vessel o'er the main with oddities
Of every kind and class, call'd " Rare commodities."

He rubs his hands, he strokes his beard, and then
Struts to his desk with self congratulation,
And wonders why John Smith, the fool, could pen
Such nonsense as his last communication
Contain'd, about bad luck, and so forth. "Verily,
I thank myself for getting on so merrily."

Vain fool ! while yet in reverie, he hears
His office door play click, a stripling enters.
"A message, sir, from London,"—disappears.
And then, with fear and trembling, Coffee ventures
To break the seal, and learns that Reade and Pollars
Are bankrupt in a good round million dollars.

The colour blanches from his cheek and lips,
He staggers to a chair, with look heart-rending ;
Now banish'd from his mind all jeers and quips,
His head and hands low o'er his knees are bending.
The sudden change had brought on this revulsion,
And left him almost in a dead convulsion.

I am no Doctor, therefore can't prescribe
For ailments heir'd by either mind or body ;
But, if he ask'd me, I would say imbibe
A good stiff tumbler of Scotch whisky toddy ;
Then read John Smith's epistle, and refrain
From ever sneering at bad luck again.

Suppose he tried this cure, and found it good,
And also let us hope he's getting better,
But still he's in a lowly, pensive mood,

When all at once he gets another letter
To tell him of a still more fearful evil,—
His ships and goods had all gone to the devil.

The wind went down, and then uprose a storm,
Which sported with his great ship like a totum,
And ere its wrath was spent, that gallant form
Went down headforemost to the cavey bottom ;
The crew, thank God, were saved, all else was undone,
As sure as Reade and Pollars were in London.

This was too much for Coffee's strength of mind,
He sank beneath the blow he could not parry ;
Then went out one night, cursing all mankind,
And drown'd himself in an old work'd out quarry.
The mollusk could not drown, but made good eating,—
He could not swim, so there was no retreating.

This, bear in mind, dear reader, false or fair,
Altho' I seriously recommended
A drink to Coffee, of the stingo ware,
Its over use, should be much reprehended,—
I am not now, nor e'er will be teetotal,
But still advise abstinence from the bottle.

For fifty years, as I have said before,
I've wander'd here and there, and God knows
whither ;
This carries me abaft to days of yore,
When in youth's bud I roam'd among the heather,

And smelt its perfume ; not on hills where itch is,—
Confound the kilt, I like warm woollen breeches.

Don't storm or fume, dear, honest *Maister Mac*,

You know yourself, that any common *hurdies*
Can't stand the tear and wear, the *ticht* and *slack*

Of Alpine winters, more than plumeless birdies ;
And, Donald, well ye know, the heating *creature*
Is needed there as well's in common nature.

I like my kail, my crowdie, and my dram

Of Athol-brose, when well mixed up with honey ;
I also like both bannock, beef and ham,

And don't turn up my nose at ready money ;
But then I spend it equally as freely
As ever grace o'ershadow'd Horace Greely.

The bagpipes, when I hear them, well I love,—

They touch my inner feelings to a shaving ;
They lift me to the heights, beyond, above,

Where snow lies deep, and winter winds are raving ;
But still, I would much rather hear a fiddle
Beside a fire give forth its jink and diddle.

O, could I rise upon the wings of morn,

I'd seek thro' yonder spheres my natal bigging,
And ere the moon again had filled her horn,

I'd sit stride legs upon its dear auld rigging,
And wave aloft in pride my "Auld Blue Bonnet,"
And sing aloud the sang I made upon it.

Here I'm diverging from my former theme,

But who can blame me for that same digression ;
I'm in the land of those most dear to fame,
And see them all march past me in procession ;
A countless host, beyond all calculation,
Are those that wreath the laurels of our nation.

First in the van comes him who dar'd defy
The might of all the host which Ned commanded,—
Till treachery to valour gave the lie,
And so poor Wallace was to Edward handed
By base Monteith. Oh ! may the Devil speed him
In hell, as Wallace did on earth—for freedom.

Next comes King Robert, mounted on his steed,
A low siz'd, true bred, cross grained Highland
sheltie,
Not much unlike the one I used to lead
When running messages for Robert Keltie—
All life and vigour, nimble as a monkey,
But stubborn as a thorough Irish donkey.

This was the steed he rode when great Bohun
Came forth in all his might to end the battle ;
But Robert was not so to be undone,—
He raised his axe with pith, and made it rattle
Against the champion's helmet, midst his capering,
Thus ending, with one blow, his life and vapouring.

King Edward star'd, and scratch'd his Royal head,
And almost ceas'd to breathe, on thus beholding

A warrior of such fame laid with the dead ;

Then turning to one John Bull, squire of Bolding,
He said, we'll have the devil to pay to-morrow ;
If this goes on, I fear we'll come to sorrow,

And so they did, as history relates,

You'll find it in Macaulay, Hume and others,
How, on the day of Bannockburn, the fates
Combin'd against the South, and how that mothers,
Even to this day, bemoan the sad mishanter
Which sent Ned southward at so quick a canter.

But be that as it may, the field was won,

And Douglas gave the king a Scotch conveyance
As far as Dunbar, when he nimbly run

Into the Castle, nor did stop to say once,
Good night to Douglas, which was scarcely manners
In the proud leader of a hundred banners.

Those times are gone, however. Now John Bull

And Sandie are the very best of brothers :
They smoke and sing, and take a hearty pull

Of London Porter, cheek by jowl, like others ;
And when some foreign wrong requires a righting,
Shoulder to shoulder you will find them fighting.

This is just as it should be. As for Pat,

He is not in all things quite so agreeable :
He'll do the drinking, till as blind's a bat,—

And as for fighting, there are none more *fee-able* ;
In any quarrel with Frank, Turk or Tartar,
He'll do his share, and never ask for quarter.

But then this is his nature, and his heart
Is ever found to be just where it should be ;
In every play he freely takes his part
With ecstasy. If he but only could be
Once reconciled to the obnoxious Saxon,
A better fellow, monarch ne'er laid tax on.

But who comes next amidst this wondrous throng,
With martial music, sweeter, louder sounding ?
A choir of minstrels, breathing forth a song
To Liberty. The hills and vales surrounding
Re-echo back its cadence with such fervour
As fires the blood of the most cool observer.

Old Ossian, blind and gray, leads on the train,
And strings his lyre to sing of ancient story ;
When Cæsar, with his legions, strove in vain
To dim the lustre of old Scottish glory,
But found at last our old sires so unbendable,
He curs'd and left them—which was most commend-
able.

Like every dog, the Romans had their day,
Which in the sequel prov'd a rather long one ;
Just at its dawn poor Remus bit the clay,
And Romulus, the scoundrel, prov'd a strong one,
Who gave encouragement where'er he lorded
To every vagabond the earth afforded.

Just think, for instance, of the dastard, when
He gave a ball to all the Sabine wenches,

Then raised a muss, when each took to his den
A handsome quean to sport behind the trenches,
And left their fathers and young gallants railing,
And maidens, left behind, in madness wailing.

No Priest, so far as I know, was called in
To solemnize this most unholy pairing ;
No wonder there arose a curséd din
Among the actors in this deed of daring :
But all came well, the ladies seal'd the paction,
And thus prevented a most deadly action.

Now this was generous in the ladies, but
'T was dreadful trying to the tender feelings
Of Sabine youth, to be 'mured in his hut
Without the beam of love to light its ceilings,
Or kiss away his cares, when deeply sighing,
Or cool his brow, when on the point of dying.

And this was Rome's first entree on the stage
Which it disgrac'd with blood and rape and plunder,
And persever'd in still from age to age,
Till Brutus, with his dagger, rais'd the wonder
Of Rome—and that then meant all this wide world—
How Cæsar could be from such greatness hurled.

But fall he did, like many others since,
And long before his time. Why, even the Devil,
As old John Milton says without a wince,
Got so inflated, that he chose to revel
And lord it over fiends in nether regions,
Rather than serve among Angelic legions,

He got his choice, and I, at least for one,
Do not envy him of his high position ;
I would much rather be the lowly son
Of some more modest man in low condition.
I like pure air and thorough ventilation
Much more than sulphur and a lordly station.

Had Bonaparté been thus easy pleas'd,
He never would have rais'd the row he did do ;
Nor would old Europe's towns and cities bleez'd
To feed his pride ; nor would he e'er have rid through
Such fields of dead and mangled, while contending
To grasp the sceptre Heaven itself was rending.

The fool, like many others, could not stand
The tide of success, but would still be grander,
So kept on marching with his conquering band,
Till earth got dazzled with his power and splendour.
Then old John Bull said, " Damn my eyes, this won't do,
I'll stop his progress ; see now if I don't, too."

So, old John kept his word. The clang of arms
Rose through the air and struck against the azure ;
The lands were filled with war's most dread alarms,
And fields were manured, without stint or measure,
By human blood. The strife was short, and when a
Lull came, poor Bona was in St. Helena.

There let him stay ! He was a living pest
To sober thinking folks as you and I are ;
He never had a sympathy or zest

For aught but blood and wounds, or some high flyer,
Like rocket, bombshell, or more ugly cartridge,
While you or I would scarcely hurt a partridge.

But all the while we've been to Rome and France,

This sage procession has kept moving slowly ;
I fear we've miss'd an intermediate glance

At Ramsay, Ferguson, and some more lowly.
It matters not, here comes one staunch and true man—
Our own lov'd minstrel Burns, the Ayrshire plough-
man.

Mark how the fire of genius lights his eye ;

His magic soul is in those features beaming ;
The stern resolve to fight, and rather die

Than yield to lordly state the veriest seeming
Of sycophancy, there is boldly planted
By Nature's stamp upon his brow undaunted.

Hail, bright and glorious concentration, Burns !

Rare type of all that's great in frail humanity :
The fervent husband, father, friend, who turns

With deadly loathing, from the mean inanity
Who could, or would, for sordid gain or station,
Betray his king, his principle, or nation.

Again, all hail ! thou peerless prince of song,

Who taught mankind their true rank and nobility ;
Laugh'd at conventional greatness, tho' its gong

Kept sounding forth the poor man's gross sterility
In all things noble, but the bard could *shaw* that
Worth clad in rags is still the man for a' that.

Yes, Burns! and who can but admire your pluck,
For telling them, when down among us moiling,
That Rank is but a flimsy coward *cleuk*

To hide their misdeeds from the peasant toiling
For *bit* and *brat*; but "time and times" existed
Before they breath'd, or Mars himself enlisted.

Speaking of Mars, how comes it that his name
And fame have both become so universal?
What has he done for God or man, but game
In war and plunder, beyond all rehearsal,
E'er since the time when to him power was given
To end in hell the strife begun in heaven?

Some of his votaries, I freely grant,
Like many other men, have felt compunction,
Tho' forced by circumstances to implant
Their standard at some strategic junction
Of hills or rocks, which Nature's self had made there,
To aid in baffling any bold invader.

But these are few. There's Wallace, Bruce and Tell,
And Washington, and good old Brian Berhuc,
The brave old soul, who fought, and won, and fell
By treachery's dagger, ere he had well got through
His day's work with the Danes, to save Old Erin
From bondage and maintain her own proud bearing.

I don't include Noll Cromwell in this list—
The crop-ear'd hypocrite, I can't admire him;
That he could pray and fight a good round fist
Is past all doubt; but then, what could inspire him

To cut his master's head off but the Devil,
Or some such spirit of incarnate evil.

But lose his head, however, Charlie did,

And it was buried with his other mortals ;
While that of Cromwell is, Who'll bid ? Who'll bid ?

Still sold by auction at the market portals
Of good old England. This was in a paper
I read short since beside my midnight taper.

Alas ! how mutable are earthly things ;

Heed's Charlie's royal head not worth a bodle,
While wealthy fools undo their silken strings
To pay down hundreds for Noll's worthless noddle.
God help the man who bought it ! I would say sir :
So, for the present, " wish you a good day, sir."

Talking of Noll has made my eyes grow dim,

But not with tears. My Pegasus has striven
With all her might, to pierce through yonder rim
Of light, and waft his worthless soul to heaven.
But all in vain, he is not fit for glory—
So here I'll end the first part of my story.

PART SECOND.

Dear and accommodating reader, say,

Have you e'er read the life of Tristram Shandy?
And if you have, how did you like it? Stay,

No shoulder shrugging; is it not most handy
When one would pass an hour in moralizing?—
But still, I own, the book is tantalizing.

Just now, you have his meaning to a hair,

And think you'll get on without further trouble;
Next moment, presto, you are left to stare—

He's out of sight, gone like a burst up bubble;
And all this while poor Doctor Slop's kept waiting—
A circumstance, perhaps, not worth relating.

To me the wonder is, how he could write

So many volumes ere he yet had entered
Upon the stage of life, or how indite

Such noble sentiments, before he ventured
To pass the threshold of a University,—
It seems, of truth, a very gross perversity.

But now poor Sterne is dead and in the dust,

And so, too, is his worthy uncle Toby;
There let them rest in peace, until the just
And unjust be called forth, both soul and body,

To hear the awful, stern, and final sentence—
Depart, ye cursed sons of non-repentence!

Now, I have done with Tristram, and, in fact,
I would not have said quite so much, but wanted
To show that others sometimes left the track
Of narrative, as well's myself, and ranted
Away o'er moors and glens, and fields of clover,
To prove their Pegasus a wanton rover.

Now I've got back to Scotland, thank the Lord
For this, as for his every other mercy,
And will in future keep in strict accord
With reason, as did pious old Tom Hersey
In his last will—"I made the money," he said, "sir,
And can dispose of it, without your aid, sir."

Ten thousand dollars went to build a church,
A thumping sum for giving good tuition
To prostitutes—at last left in the lurch,
But now chockfull of wrinkles and contrition;
And then, to prove his sterling zeal and piety,
He did not overlook the "Tract Society."

"The Foreign Missions" got a handsome share—
To spread the Bible and its holy teachings
Afar among the heathen everywhere,
And bring in lost sheep by the godly preachings
Of pious men, who still ahead kept carving
A road to light, while old Tom's kin were starving.

This was the way Tom took to get his name
Enrolled upon the scroll of benefactors;
But many others have done just the same,—
There's old Jeff Swindler, last of all these actors,
Whose money was the only medium given
By which an entrance could be found to heaven.

But as I said, now reason is my guide,
So I will start at once and trace my lee-way
Back to the place where last you saw me ride
Upon my roof-tree. An old rotten tree lay
Just right beneath me, fully typefying
What all men will be when they're done with dying.

But what of the procession all this while ?
It still keeps moving onward firm and steadily ;
It's minstrels took a breathing spell from toil,
So that they might enchant more sure and readily ;
And now in tuneful blast, with life and vigour,
They sound their chanter's to the utmost rigour.

Here comes Sir Walter, " Lord of all the Isles,"
With warlike " Marmion " in pride and glory ;
" The Lady of the Lake," all bright with smiles,
Leans on his arm, and tells her long sad story ;
The hoary minstrel of a long, long past day
Comes tottering on, and pours, alas ! his " Last Lay."

Bold as his native rock, behold " Rob Roy,"
With plaid, belt, dirk and good old Scottish claymore ;
He treads the bent with stately pride and joy,
Fierce as in yore, when to a bloody furore

He led Clan Alpine, or essay'd by battle
To prove his title to the Saxon's cattle.

With haughty brow comes "Pev'ril of the Peak,"

The stern old cavalier, now bending lowly
Beneath a weight of years, but on his cheek

Still sits the flush of manhood. Firm but slowly
He threads his way, and damns the Round Heads
roundly,

With zeal, sagacity, and most profoundly.

Let him swear on, it hurts not you or me :

It pleases him and serves as ventilator
To let his wrath off. In this land we're free

To *think* just as we please, but any traitor
Who dares to *act* against our Constitution
Soon learns to know what's meant by retribution.

With rustic horn now comes the Shepherd Hogg—

His crook and plaid are resting on his shoulder ;
On sweet "Kilmenie," mark, the pawky rogue

Oft turns to gaze in rapture. The beholder
Can't but observe his air, how sad and dreamy
At times, and then again how bright and beamy.

His thoughts are far away beyond the sun,

Midst storms and whirlwinds through the wide crea-
tion ;

He could not rest on earth, but still would run

From star to star, to find a habitation ;
A comet was his steed, his reins the lightning,
His course, the milkyway for ever brightening.

In every sphere the shepherd had a flock
Of spirits, fairies, or such other wonders ;
He dwelt among the clouds, nor fear'd the shock
Sent forth by bursting of a thousand thunders.
On, on he sped, upon his wings of fancy—
A muse run wild, impetuous and traney.

But still, at times, when he could rest below,
He was the very pink of jolly fellows ;
Beneath the moon the shepherd had no foe,
He was but man, however, and the bellows
He blew to swell the flame of his own greatness
Breathed not the echo of meek modest blateness.

Now farewell, Hogg ! if we again should meet,
And hold communion in another world,
This heart of hearts will throb with joy to greet
You with a warm right hand of frendship, furl'd
Into thine own, recalling scenes and ballants
That liv'd langsyne when you and Scott were callants.

Hush, hark ! what wailing sound is that we hear
Borne on the breeze, and wafted to the carey,
Plaintive as moanings o'er the midnight bier
Of lov'd, but long lost, dear " Despairing Mary ?"
It is his voice, thy bard, Oh ! sweet " Gleniffer,"
Green as in yore, but somehow rather stiffer.

At least to me they seem so, but this may
Arise from years, and an oppressive whaizle,
Which stops my windpipe, when on any day

I try to climb its braes of broom and hazel,
To smell the perfume of the wild flowers springing,
Or hear the cadence of the skylark singing.

There Stanley Castle still stands as of old,
Surrounded by the "Big Well's" crystal water;
Tradition says, that once a Dane, more bold
Than wise, here caused a most confounded slaughter;
I've seen the stone which well read antiquaries
Say marks the spot he fell, and he still there is.

Yes, gentle Taunahill! thy "Dusky Glen"
Is still replete with solemn gloom as ever;
The sun still sets behind the "lofty Ben"
And gives his last beams to hill, stream and river;
But thou, the lover and beloved of nature,
Hast vanish'd as we all will, some day later.

How sad thy fate, dear bard! Just in the bloom
Of youth, and strength, and warm poetic feeling,
So suddenly cut down. The dark'ning gloom
Which o'er thy tender soul kept ever stealing,
Prov'd all too weighty for thy tender pinion,
And sank at last in reason's lost dominion.

I've stood, alas! upon the awful brink
Of that black, loathsome hole, where madly perish'd
Our nightingale. How woeful 'twas to think,
While peering down its depth, how that much
cherish'd

And loving soul could be by frenzy driven'
To seek its passway to the gates of heaven.

On thee, Gleniffer, too, has often strayed
My friend and "Elder brother in the Muses,"
Who now, too, has been long, long lowly laid,
But still his cherish'd memory infuses
Warmth to my heart, and while these tears I'm giving,
McDonald dead is still McDonald living.

Yes, there was, too, the venerable yool,
With whom so oft I've met, and often parted,
Whose whole ambition was in rule and school
To talk philosophy, and keep light hearted ;
His muse was indolent, but terse and beaming,—
The author doltish in his personal seeming.

He too, alas ! like other sons of clay,
Has long, long since, been gathered to his fathers ;
But still his mem'ry will not pass away
But with Scotch song ; even now the tearlet gathers
Into my eye, to think of that bright luminary
Now shuffled off from this sad scene sublunary.

Old, genial Walter Watson, like the rest,
Has "shaken off this mortal coil," but then he
Was quite ripe for the scythe ; at very best
He could not liv'd much longer here, and when he
Could scarcely move, without a stick to prop him,
'T was rather merciful in death to crop him.

But then he was a very rare old man, .

Life, love, and pleasantry were in his noddle ;
Three score and fifteen years were quite a span

For him both up and down the hill to toddle,
Before he would agree, with all his errors,
To strike his colours to the King of Terrors.

But now, dear reader, as I never fawn

Or flatter anybody but the ladies,
I hope you will excuse me if I yawn
And stretch my arms ; the truth is, when in Cadiz,
Long years since, I was jilted by a maiden,
And even yet my heart with care is laden.

That is the reason why I feel so sad,

And also, why I sing so much of sorrow ;
The women think it fun, but 'tis too bad

To sport so with one's feelings ; but to-morrow
I may feel better, and will then endeavour
To give you something of a sweeter savour.

Ye very worthy and sagacious few,

And still more worthy and sagacious many,
Who sneer at all things hidden from your view,

Will, can, or dare you tell me this—have any
Of your wise crowd yet learn'd that human feeling,
Though deeply felt, surpasses all revealing ?

At least I felt it so when the first stroke

Fell on my heart ; but still in outward seeming
I was just as before ; that cursed lock
Of hair, worn next my heart, while vainly dreaming

Of love and truth, I thought not of returning,
And so consigned it to the flames for burning.

This, in some measure, eased my load of care,

But still another antidote was needed ;

To heal the wound I got another fair

Young lady for a bride, with whom I've threaded
Life's crooked path in many various stations,
And never yet had cause for lamentations.

Alas ! alas ! for poor, weak, fragile man,

And so I would say, also, for poor woman,

So many slips occur in our brief span

Of life, that any truly, true man

Like you, or I, would freely change our standing
For something purer, tho' much less commanding.

'T was but the other day two reckless fools

While in their cups, began to brawl and squabble :

One drew a knife, which is against all rules

Of strict propriety, and midst a babel

Of oaths against the agents who begot him,

The other took a pistol out and shot him.

He died ! and that fact put an end to one :

The other fled but was soon after captur'd

And lodged in jail, where shut out from the sun,

A while he lay : and O ! how much enraptur'd

Were those who took him, not themselves less guilty
Of crimes, less deadly true, but not less stilty.

He was at length brought up before the Judge

Of this fair land, and put upon his trial ;

He heard the witnesses without a budge,
And of his guilt there could be no denial ;
So found the jury duly, justly, truly,
And he'll be hang'd upon the last of July.

So that will end them both, and show what comes
Of carrying killing weapons in the pocket—
Disgrace and death, two rather serious sums
To square, but more so when the crim'nal docket
Appoints the very day and hour for bringing
Things to a balance by the art of swinging.

I do not like this business style at all,—
There's something in it always makes me shiver ;
To keep the culprit mured up in his stall
For sixty days, then drag him forth to sever
His soul and body, in cold blood ! Thou Giver
Of all that's good ! Oh ! wipe this off for ever.

Now I have done with moralizing, and
The less more said will be the easier mended :
I've had a varying flight from land to land,
And seen and said more than I comprehended ;
But still, I hope to have another flutter,
As soon's I've' eatin' up my bread and butter.

There's many things much worse than oatmeal cake,
When season'd with good cheese, or slice of mutton
Well stew'd with onions, or a fried beefsteak ;
Not that I am by any means a glutton ;
But when I'm hungry, and the plates are heating,
I think there's worse employment than good eating.

It's all vile nonsense for some folks to say
They like their parritch better than plum pudding ;
It's also nonsense in the same to lay
Blame on John Bull for his expensive fooding ;
A healthy man requires substantial diet,
So, with your leave, I'll now retire and try it.

Now, I am satisfied : and on the whole
I feel more virtuous than I did ; my inner
Man has ceas'd his grumbling, and my soul
Is now at peace with all the world. The sinner
Who could, with a full belly, quarrel his lodgers,
Deserves to be strung up as much as Rogers,

But not till dead : I'd put the treacherous knot
Beneath his chin, so that he might get breathing
Fresh air to feed his lungs, and keep the sot
Suspended till his aspect, pale and freathing
At mouth and lips, bespoke his full contrition,
And then relieve him from his high position.

I recollect, some forty years ago,
A man nam'd Perry, who was hang'd for murder
Of his own wife ; the cause, so far's I know,
Was jealousy, weak mindedness, and furder,
The man suspected was his shop-mate, one who
Kept irritating him with hints quite undue.

The poor, weak fool went home to dinner, and
Found all things ready waiting on the table ;
He put his children out, then took his stand

Behind the door ; to fly she was unable ;
His glittering instrument her heart-strings sever'd,
And he, in irons, was to the law deliver'd.

I saw him executed, and that scene.

While memory lives, will on my mind be printed ;
The dismal gibbet, draped by sable screen,

The noos'd rope and dark hangman, lithe and stinted
In height, prov'd too much for my youthful feelings,
And fill'd my heart with awe, my brain with reelings.

The victim took the stand, a small siz'd man,

Dress'd in full sables, but his neck uncover'd ;
The fatal cord adjusted, but who can

Portray the awful drop ? His stain'd soul hover'd
Some moments o'er its clay, then all was ended,—
The law was satisfied, and God offended.

This was the first and last thing of the kind

I ever saw, or ever will. while living ;
The doctors said—now this you'll bear in mind—

While they on oath their evidence were giving,
If he had only quietly ate his dinner
The deed would ne'er been done by that poor sinner.

But now, enough of hanging for a time,

It makes one scratch his neck to think upon it ;
Perhaps it's needed to deter from crime ;

Perhaps it's not, and that is my mind on it.
Farewell now judge and jury, your whole junta,
And farewell also to my Second Canto.

PART THIRD.

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

Exclaim'd King Richard, one day in a flurry;
But all too late, not even Professor Morse

Could then have lent him speed to suit his hurry,
When he had learned to his extreme confusion,
That Richmond's presence was no mere delusion.

So I too am at present in some haste,

I've lost much time, and feel extremely sorry
For keeping you so long, but 'twould be waste

Of time, on your part, be ye Whig or Tory,
To wait for me to make more condescension,—
That's plain enough for every comprehension.

I've owned my fault, and will no lower bend,

Even to a king, if such should ever read this;
And if they don't, I tell you, as a friend,

The loss will be but small. In fact, I'm heedless
About their praise or blame; if I can't win them
As man, not slave, damn crowns and all that's in them.

With all their royal pomp, kings are but men,

And that, too, very frequently but small ones;
I mean in mind; in height some, now and then,
May prove to be exceeding strong and tall ones.

There's Ned the First of England was a switcher,
But then in mind, he was a ruthless butcher.

As critics, take, for instance, George the Third,
And what poor devil of a ragged poet
Would deem himself a rare Parnassian bird,
Tho' he had said, "that's good, yes, yes, I know it."
The stuttering fool, with all his sage pretenses,
Was not at par, in even kingly senses.

It seems to be the heir-loom of most kings
Born to that dignity, to lack the mental
Endowments, which to common people brings
A crown of glory, and a yearly rental
Of fame, such as no monarch I can think of,
Save David and his son, e'er reach'd the brink of.

But then, they were exceptions to the rule
Which regulates these laws in human nature ;
They also were exceptions to our school
Of moralists. The great redeeming feature
Of both these kings, was *wisdom* and *repentance*,—
'T was well for them they got no worse a sentence.

Had they liv'd in these times, and been brought up
For like offences in our courts of justice,
Repentant wisdom would not kept the *whip*
From off their shoulders. In these days our trust is
Reposed in punishing *all* such offences
With rigour, careless of such *mal*-pretences.

Just think, a moment, of our noble Prince
Of Wales, who seems, when done, to be but human ;
The MORDAUNT escapade might make him wince,
But still the law said "stand up like a true man,
And take your oath." So while the crowd was surgin',
He swore, for him, the lady was a virgin.

Now, this was manly in our future king,
Chivalric, also, to the last degree ;
Say, is it wonder that the people sing
"God save" the mother of a son like he ?
No, while Her Gracious Majesty keeps reigning
He'll be a model for youth's moral training.

At least so let us hope. I mind the day
When to this happy realm that Prince was given,
The cannon thundered, and a great array
Of flags from every hidden nook was riven
To flutter o'er the housetops of our cities,
While bells kept jingling forth their joyful ditties.

His mother, thank the Lord, was just as well
As, in the circumstance, could be expected,
And echo spread the news o'er hill and dell,
Till Nature's self seem'd by the joy affected,
And sent forth from its caves, with all its wheelery,
A genuine burst of Heaven's own artillery.

Now, what did all this mean ? The birth of one
Foretells, for certainty, death to another ;
This was the view o't taken by the Sun,

Who hid his face in gloom. When this poor mother
Lies low in death, her crown to Albert giving,
The joy will then be, both for dead and living.

So thus the wheel of fate goes round and round,
Repeating o'er what is, has been, and will be ;
Rejoic'd o'er at his birth, but if a pound
Of gold remains behind him, then, until he
Be laid in clay, his mem'ry will be cherish'd,—
Then, God get thanks that he at last has perish'd.

I don't in any way envy the rich,
And I can give you good sound reasons for it :
Be who you may, it makes no matter which—
A man or woman—virtue you adore it,
And rightly too. I will suppose you parent
Of sons and daughters, love of whom's inherent

To all parental hearts. You've mark'd, with pride,
Their joys and gambols from life's bud till blowing
Of the ripe flower. You've also sat beside
Their couch in sickness, when life's tide seem'd
flowing
Back to the source from which it came ; and, sighing,
Whisper'd to those around, " My child is dying."

The hour is midnight, and the wailing wind
Sounds like the echo of your own pent feelings :
Disconsolation wreaths around your mind,
Your brain is filled with dull, fantastic reelings,

When all at once, hush! hark! he breathes more
freely,—

Thank God! you yet may live, my dear, dear Feely.

And live he did, and grew to be a man—

A strapping youth, with truth and love abounding
For parents, and all others, that from “Dan

To Beersheba” his equal was not found in
The whole wide land, belov’d by all who knew him,
And with love’s gems your path kept strewing.

This is the acme of all earthly bliss,—

Belov’d in life, in death to be regretted.

A crown can’t yield such treasures as the kiss

Of true affection. Avarice, when whetted

By success, yields alone but discontentment

In life, and o’er your grave, dark, dire resentment.

Your very breath is envied by all those

Who wish to clutch your purse,

And even the dagger has been us’d by generous foes,

Who wish’d to give the soul free post to Heaven,

Before your legal period for retiring

By nature’s method—honestly expiring.

Thank God for one thing, namely, when I die

There will not be much brawling for my money;

And if you chance to live, and hear a sigh

Breath’d o’er my bier, you’ll know it is the honey

Of tender love; and if a tear be started,

’T will be of sympathy for the departed.

But for a tear at death, I cannot see

What pleasure there would be at all in dying.

We cry at birth from joy at getting free

From former bondage, then we go on sighing
Through this dark vale. At least I know full many
Who do, with very flimsy cause, if any.

I am not one of those ; I give God thanks

That hitherto I've had my share of pleasure.

'Tis true, in life, I've had my share of blanks,

But then these only but enhanc'd the treasure
When good luck came. I never could bear fretting—
It seems to me of sins the most besetting,

Ye sages who delight in morbid gloom,

And see nought bright on earth, you have my pity.

I gaze upon the midnight's starry dome,

And there see God, and in this living city

I see his creature man ; strange contradiction—

An Angel and a Demon past all fiction.

I stray into the fields, and mark the flowers

Bedeck'd in all their beauty, sweetly springing ;

I breathe the fragrance of the rosy bowers,

And hear the wild birds in their rapture singing
Their Maker's praise, and gaze with rapt devotion
Upon the heavings of the boundless ocean.

I also can walk forth at early dawn,

And see the sun arise in all his glory,

While dew yet slumbers on the verdant lawn,

And feel the breeze embrace the upper story
Where all my wisdom dwells, and feel as happy
As e'er did Tam O'Shanter o'er his nappy.

But then those morbid people cannot see
What pleasure can be found in early walking.
They'll take a stroll at noon : now, that may be
All right enough, but then the sunbeams stalking
At early morn o'er valley, hill and mountain,
Is past all price. when by a sparkling fountain.

But let them doze on still and smoke their pipe,—
These constitute their only earthly pleasure ;
And when, like others, they are fully ripe
In years, I wish them all a flowing measure
Of happiness beyond that dismal river
Which will divide them from this earth forever.

Now that, I think, is no bad wish of mine,
So I will leave them to enjoy their cutty,
And turn right back thro' every verse and line
To where I left you in that old and suttly
Town where I first saw light, cognomin'd Paisley,
Where in my time I once was used quite basely.

In my first stanza, if you recollect,
I made some mention of the ancient college
In which I pass'd my youth, so don't neglect
I'm going back to that same source of knowledge ;
But not to study,—I have got already
As much true learning as I well can steady.

So to begin, my seminary was

An attic room, in which some round half dozen
Of shoemakers were clustered ; where the flaws

In each were freely punctur'd ; where to cozen
And play foul tricks was such, that lasts kept flying
At others' heads—of this there's no denying.

There first I learn'd to whistle and to sing,

To birse a thread and draw a well waxed lingle ;
There first I learn'd, quite easily, to fling

Care to the winds, and socially to mingle
With mankind as a whole, but liked more chiefly
The comp'ny of the girls, I tell you briefly.

Then when I had acquired all this deep lore,

I was promoted to the higher classes
To learn my alphabet, and, what is more,
My catechism ; but what most surpasses
My comprehension is—suppress your wonder—
I learn'd some common sense ; I did, by thunder !

But that was not always my guiding star,

As you'll acknowledge ere I go much deeper
Into my subject. Once arose a jar
Between myself and teacher. A black peeper
Was the result ; I made him half a beauty,
And thought then, and think now, I did my duty.

But his opinion differed very much

From mine on this point, as on several others.
I left that school, and marvel since that such

A bad beginning did not bring more bothers
Than since have come. One thing I gladly chuck at—
He was the only man I ever struck at.

Now that is one thing every one can't say

Who's past the bound'ry line of the half hundred.
I married young, but even to this day

I have no wish from Maggie to be sunder'd ;
Our bairns came dropping home in health and plenty
Since she and I were only two-and-twenty.

My aged sire had long been weak and blind ;
He died, and was interr'd in yonder Cemetery ;
Two birch trees mark his grave, which, to my mind,
"Wae o'er an honest man. His symmetry
Of person was, almost without exception,
A model of all physical perfection.

In mind he was like many worthy men,
More fond of outdoor sports than quiet study,
Yet he would take a book up now and then,
While he could see to read it by the ruddy
Blink of the ingle when his work was over,
And pore o'er Ossian till his eyes would dover.

But now, alas ! those times are past and gone ;
My mother, too, and sister, both are sleeping
In the same plot, nor have they got a stone
To mark their graves, but still true love keeps
weeping
Above their ashes. I, too, will be going
One of these days, but when ? there is no knowing.

The fact is, neighbor, I don't want to know ;

That kind of *knowing* is but seldom greeted
With a warm welcome, and I think that no
Sane man would like with such news to be feted ;
Just let us live down here content and dutiful,
And when the change comes, things will seem more
beautiful.

When my old father had breath'd out his soul,
And sent it back to Him from whom he got it,
As honestly requir'd, upon the whole

We felt put out with home, and so bethought it
Best to embark and westward go a roaming,
And in Acadia seek a different homeing.

And so we did, and landed here on June
The tenth, in eighteen-hundred-fifty-four ; and,
As fate would have it, not a bit too soon
To meet the cholera just at the Island ;
That Fall in our good city was a tickler,
And prov'd to doctors a confounded stickler.

They did their best, but, be it understood,
The malady was new. They work'd like beavers
Both night and day, and did "a power of good ;"
But still the enemy, with his curs'd cleavers,
Kept hewing down his dozens of a morning
To seek that land "from whence there's no returning."

He came unask'd, and so, at last, he went,—
A pleasant sight was that of his departure ;

His thousand victims fell where'er he bent

His course. The grave-diggers, all quite in raptures,
Conceiv'd the Golden Age at last was looming
While that dire pestilence was o'er us glooming.

"No more, no more! Ah! never, never more,"

Do I desire to see such deadly slaughters;
Even now my blood runs cold, and heart feels sore

To think how many loving sons and daughters,
And sires, and grandames, all to death kept bowing,
While with his scythe that ruthless scourge was
mowing.

They all found graves, however, with some pinch;

And that is more than can be said of soldiers
Who for their country fight and will not flinch,

But rather die. At Waterloo—where moulders
So many gallant hearts who did demean them
Like heroes—fifty got one grave between them.

Now, this seems rather hard; though we in life

May not be owners of a thousand acres,
In death, methinks, that either man or wife,

When they have parted with the undertakers,
Might get, at least, a lot—say six by two feet—
Of land to rest in till again we do meet.

This would be only justice—nothing more,—

For we are told that back at the beginning
God gave the earth to man, with all its store

Of fruits and flowers, if he would keep from sinning;

But this he did not, so was doom'd to toiling
From that day forth, to keep his kettle boiling.

Thus, those who claim the land must also claim

To be the greater sinners, if they hold it ;

But viler still must be the name and fame

Of those who basely for vile lucre sold it.

This is good logic, let who will deny it ;

If Brown thinks he'll confute me, let him try it.

He gave full "thirty reasons," nothing less,

Why stimulating drinks should be prohibited
From every Christian land ; now you can guess,

In such a number, how the fool exhibited

His want of everything like common gumption,

And store of all that constitutes presumption.

Our Editor, on publishing this same

Lugubrious essay on sobriety,

Threw down the gauntlet in his own sage name,

And dared the whole of our refin'd society

To give a cogent, thorough refutation

To what was simply self deification.

The fact is this, that David Brown was sick,

And felt all queerish both in mind and body ;

He had not tasted victuals for a week,

And could not bear the smell of whisky toddy

So, like some others, when he could *not* take it,

He would *constrain* his fellows to forsake it.

But such is human nature. If a man
Can't drink strong tea, then you must all take water ;
If he can't eat roast beef, which many can,
Then, you're the cause of cruelty and slaughter,
And must, to suit his whim, stop mastication
Of aught but cabbage or its generation.

Had all things been divided by the law
Which regulated justice when our Father
Above dealt wisdom out, no single flaw
Would then been found in anything to gather
Cent and per cent. into the breeches pockets
Of legal gentlemen, through courtly dockets.

I never yet have met the simple clown
Who could not give advice, if you would take it ;
Nor have I met with those who lie on down
Who would not make a promise, yes, and break it.
We are all made of clay, our mind's ethereal,
Our power is small, our conceit most imperial.

King David, when he wrote the Psalms, did well,
But D. the second thought he did still better.
The first repented oft—as often fell ;
The last had no need to repent. The letter
He wrote, when dying, plac'd him past conviction,
And far beyond the Devil's jurisdiction.

I know a man who wears a lofty head,
Because he's pious and extremely sober,
So far as drinking goes ; but in the bed
Of dull John Smith he's no unfrequent jobber,

And pays, too, for his labour. God be near us !
Is this the model of our moral heroes ?

Now, if this one don't suit you, say, will ten
Or twenty be sufficient. I could name them :
Pray do not tremble so, dear Mr. Glen,
I would not for a noggin so defame them,
Unless I'm dar'd to do it. That might alter
My resolution, and so make me falter.

I try to love my neighbour as myself,
And in some cases have been rather lucky ;
I did not love them for their purse of pelf,
Nor cheat them for their handsome fireside chucky ;
I lov'd them, and I love them still, for merit—
A quality you never can inherit.

When I say *you*, I certainly don't mean
My reader, but that dastard, vile deceiver,
Who prates of moral worth, in hopes to screen
His own dark deeds. A hatter or a weaver
May have a family that needs attention,
And he, himself, may need some reprehension.

As for the Editors, we'll let them slide,—
I've known them, too, much better than I should do ;
The balance sheet was seldom on my side
Where money was concerned ; but this I would do,—
Forgive them for the past, if they would scratch up
A few gold dollars our accounts to patch up.

I am not avaricious, but I like
My hire paid down in cash. I am no preacher,

But if I were, I would for certain strike
Against the pulpit, and like Harry Beecher,
Kick up a row, and it would be right funny
If at the end I did not get my money.

But Harry's quarrel was not of the sort
I speak of. He, tho' now both old and hoary,
Has still strong sympathies for youthful sport,
And sees in beauty's eyes the glow of glory ;
His wife, poor soul, is now in years advancing,
And is not, as in youth, quite so entrancing.

Time was, however, forty years ago,
When she was young and lithe and full of vigour ;
But now, grown fat and deeply sunk in woe
And pious zeal, she cannot match his trigger
Of love. He is in everything so fervent,—
To God alone he claims to be a servant.

Serve whom he may, no mortal man can tell
The object of his worship. There's a lady
Who knows his secret, but that lady fell
In her old mother Eve, and our old daddy,
Called Adam, also, too, participated
In that black fall, as scripture has narrated.

The Devil had a finger in that pie,
And season'd well that most accursed apple
Which it was made of ; now all mankind die
Because it stuck in Adam's sinful thrapple :
If it had choked him, as I wish it had done,
We would not then been subject to the bad one.

But Adam gulp'd it down with little fuss,
And by that mouthful lost his situation,—
A good one too at that, but that fell muss
Sent dool to each succeeding generation ;
In proof of which I now sit in my attic,
The victim of a racking bad rheumatic.

My head, too, feels just now a little queer,
But that I attribute to the loud thunder
Which now in deafening peals wars in my ear,
As if the universe would burst asunder.
The blinding lightning in my eyes is flashing,
And wind and rain against my window dashing.

A lull has come ! it is not quite so bad,
But still I hear it in the distance dying,
My wife, my daughter, and a little lad
Have all up stairs into my room come flying
As if the enemy of man was chasing
Close at their heels, they are so blown with racing.

Thank heaven, now it's o'er ; the sombre sky
Still wears a frowning look ; that too is passing
Away in broken clouds, so, by and bye,
The king of day will come out without gassing,
And by the magic of his brilliant beaming,
Restore all nature to its former seeming

Now here I fain would stop and take a rest,
I feel so jaded in my right side pinion,
But still my muse says, " Willie, it is best

To say some little of the New Dominion ;"
But if its head felt as mine feels at present,
The task, I'm certain, would not be too pleasant.

There's Sandie Murdoch, too, of yon fair isles,
Where springs the blue bells and where blooms the
heather,

My namesake and my friend, who daily toils
To keep his soul and body both together
By industry, and yet can sing a sonnet
Sweet as the memories of my "Auld Blue Bonnet."

There's Willie Thompson, also, of "Nith Bank,
As true a Scot as ever smell'd a daisy ;
He's getting up in years, but still can shank
Down to the city, when he's not too lazy,
To see that business gets all due attention
From clerks, etcetera, whom I need not mention.

Full many other things run in my mind
Which I would like to note, but, as I hinted,
If you would only be so very kind
As wait a little, till I have imprinted
My head mark on the pillow, I will greet you
With joy once more, and, not unlikely, treat you.

But if you do not feel content with this,
Then I must leave you all without formality.
To you, dear ladies, this my hand I kiss
In sad adieu ! As for the male mortalities
I've no such ceremonies : therefore leave them
With a plain bow. I hope it will not grieve them.

PART FOURTH.

Good morning, reader ! I have had a sleep,
And now feel bright and lively as a cricket :
I could skip o'er the moors like baby sheep ;
The sun is peering from yon eastern wicket,
His honest face is so replete with beaming,
That owls and bats alone could think of dreaming.

The clouds have all dispers'd, the wind is down,
The thunder's silent and the lightning vanish'd :
The spangled sky looks blythe, without a frown,
As if o'erjoyed that turbulence is banish'd.
In other words—the storm has now departed,
And left us all a good deal lighter-hearted.

The very waters of our Bay seem glad
That peace has been restor'd, and softly murmur
Their thanks upon the sand. That none so bad
May come again throughout the present Summer
I fondly hope ; a little brawl is cheering,
But those great tumults are beyond all bearing.

It may sound well enough for bards to sing
About embattled elements, and so forth,
Like Byron 'midst the Alps ; but still I cling
To my old notion, and would rather go north
A league or two, and by a tube's assistance
Behold its grandeur at a legal distance.

This I call prudence,—you may call it fear,—

But 'tis no matter, if it saves our mutton ;
The very elements themselves look queer

On such occasions, as a hungry glutton
Who views with horror his deserted wallet,
His empty plate, and nothing left to fill it.

The lightnings give a nervous glance, and hide ;
The thunder groans and growls, as if in terror ;
The clouds look black and gloomy, then decide

To make amends, whatever be their error,
By bursting into tears, as most essential
To prove, like ladies, they are penitential.

Well, as I said before, that cursed plague
Went off at last, and it was a good quittance ;
A while the public mind was rather vague

And gloomy, still there was a great remittance
Of fear, imprinted upon all the faces
You met with here, or there, or other places.

A score of years have pass'd away since then,
And still we're here alive, and well, and kicking ;
Our boys have all grown up now to be men,

While we down hill our footsteps fast are picking ;
One step will be the last of all this journey,—
Then fare-ye-well John Smith and Adam Gurney.

I have no patience with that kind of fools
Who still keep babbling of their native county ;
It seems to me beyond the widest rules

Of common sense. If Mother Nature's bounty
Be there more liberal, tell me, why the Devil
They don't return, or learn to be more civil ?

I can say honestly, that I, for one,
Feel quite content to live among "Bluenoses."
What can the difference be? Mankind, when done,
Are all the same. The fool who so discloses
His enmity to all, save one small section,
Should be clean'd out by a soft-soap injection.

Wherever on this earthly ball I've been
Since first my mother rocked me in the cradle,—
And these are many—I have always seen
The same sky o'er me; and where'er I paidle
I find good hearts of every creed and station,
And love them all, no matter what's their nation.

Now in this same Acadia where we live,
How sweetly beautiful it's varied scenery;
The snow clad Alps, with all their ice, I'd give
Without the smallest feeling of chicanery,
Rather than lose our own "South Bay" surroundings,
As seen from "Greenhead," with their azure boundings.

There, in dim distance, stands the "Devil's Back"
Environed by his minions,—in gradation
According to their post. Where is the lack,
Even to their peaks, of living vegetation?
Below, the forest waves and founts keep roaring,—
Above, the eagle in his pride is soaring.

Beneath our gaze here flows the mighty tide
Of our good Saintly river, on whose waters,
In days gone by, were paddled far and wide
The light canoe by dusky sons and daughters
Of that great wild, now smiling with the graces
Imprinted on it by the strange "Pale Faces."

Beyond, like a vast mirror, lies asleep,
With sunshine sparkling, Old Kennebecasis ;
A space below, these vasty rivers leap
O'er rocks and boulders foaming, till it passes
With roaring, jumbling, rushing and commotion,
To freedom, in the bosom of the ocean.

These are the scenes which this new land reveals ;
Even where I sit, naught meets my eye but beauty ;
The gently undulating lands, where steals
Along the breeze to fan, as is its duty,
The tall green grasses, like a sea in motion,
And fills the soul with rapture and devotion.

Now, sweep your eye around to yonder spot
Where rises Thompson's mansions, and survey them.
Sweet "Nith Bank !" yes, thy master is a Scot
In truth ; thy many beauties who portray them,
Thy sweetly fragrant arbors and recesses,
Rich as the lustre of a maiden's tresses.

Thy pebbled walks and smoothly shaven swards,
Thy fruit trees blooming and thy clust'ring lilies,
Thy flowery nectars yield the sweet rewards

Claim'd by the humming birds that jink thro' Willie's
Most hidden nooks, while in the bloom of Summer
There sports that genty and most charming comer.

To paint the beauties of this fairy spot
Is past my power—I therefore won't begin it ;
Such witchery lives in every plot and grot
That, tho' I have full often been within it,
My muse is not a florist, nor my fingers
Adapted to sketch scenes where rapture lingers.

I might go on, like any other lout,
Delineating what I've seen and not seen
From these chaste lawns, and certainly could spout
Much verbose nonsense, and when I had got clean
Beyond my depth, then stare and scratch my noddle
For something else to say not worth a boddle.

I could first tell you all about the Bay
Of Fundy, as seen from "Nith Bank ;" in addition
I could go flound'ring 'midst the grand array
Of ships and what not there on exhibition,
Which ply to every port in Terra Firma
Between Saint John and the Empire of Burmah.

I also might go on, without a halt,
Depicting storms which raved round Partridge Island;
And if I don't, remember this, the fault
Is yours, not mine. That lone and hoary high land
Was for some years my home, where o'er that water
These arms first clasp'd a lov'd and eldest daughter.

She's now in full blown womanhood ; but stay,
I must not here bring in such family matters ;
To sing of graces, virtues and such, would, to say
The least, be purely egotism, which shatters
All common sense, and proves in old and youthful
The very essence of what is not truthful.

If you e'er knew an egot who could speak
Truth of himself or any other person,
Then I give in, and own there was no Greek
In what was said by the profound Macpherson,
Who, when detected in false orthography,
Accused his pen of the bad holography.

There's very few in this enlightened age
Who feel inclined to bear false accusation ;
And just as few, if I may fairly gauge
You by myself, who will not claim probation
To have, if innocent, the matter sifted
And get the blighting cloud dispell'd or lifted.

For instance, let us take Jack Rattleskull,
Short since ta'en up as an incendiary ;
Jack vowed his honest innocence, but still
That would not do, so the " Stipendiary
Magistrate " sent Johnnie up to limbo,
Where he might muse on't with his arms akimbo.

And so he did, and this was the effect
Of that same musing : he got an attorney
Who heard his tale, and did not long neglect

To serve a capias on the perjur'd *Horney*
Who had sworn to Jack's guilt without conditions,—
So he and Jack exchange'd their false positions.

He, that's the hornet, now lies safe and snug
In the same den he destin'd for poor Rattle ;
I drop the skull, where he may strain and tug
And fume at leisure, as such worthless cattle
Are prone to do, till he receives credentials
To graduate with other penitentials.

I look into my mirror, and behold
That I am, too, a thorough human biped,
And almost curse, to think my name's enroll'd
With those of scoundrels, who, if duly striped
Up to their meed, would soon learn what a switch is
When wielded by a kindred demon's clutches.

Are these the guardians of our lives and peace ?
Are these the dogs we trust in for protection ?
Is this the masquerading band who fleece,
And by their uniforms evade detection ?
The villain who can thus forswear his brother,
Could cut as well the throat of any other.

Now, let them go ; they are but, at the best.
A pack of worthless hounds, up to their chieftain ;
And let us stroll along the rugged crest
Of yonder ridge, whose every nook and cleft in
Its long stretch displays such marvellous sweetness
As wakes to mind old Eden to completeness.

Its sylvan beauties mark them as they rise,—

The dotting villas and the murm'ring streamlets,
The gorgeous woodlands waving to the skies,

The fountains sparkling with the setting beamlets
Of day's bright king combined, present a picture
That bids defiance to the critic's stricture.

Yes, sweet "Mount Pleasant," what delight to stray

Along thy shaded walks when day's retiring,
And musing listen to the mellow lay

Which Robin from the bough is forth respiring ;
The sweets of harmony our souls keep drinking,
While slowly down the weary sun is sinking.

There on thy gently rising summit stands

Reed's mansion, proudly towering o'er its fellows,
And from its battlemented roof commands

A varied scene far as the eye can tell us
It's outline ; earth, and sea, and sky, all blending
To make the change perpetual and unending.

The terrac'd gardens growing round the rocks,

Replete with rarest flowers of scent and beauty ;
The cosy bushes here and there in blocks

And bowers and what not, all command our duti-
ful devotion, and they get it without grumble
Or growl on my part, be it e'er so humble.

The noble city, spreading like a map,

Lies out before its southern gaze. A valley,
All picturesque and wide, fills up the gap

Between our stand-point and the town, where daily
Ring forth the noisy sounds, and din, and clamours
Of many anvils and a thousand hammers.

There, also, lies the harbour, where the ships
Of every nation crowd its wharves and waters ;
Their canvas furl'd, and fluttering at the tips
Of all their peaks the flags, by which these daughters
Of Daddy Neptune indicate their nation,
While quietly floating in our marine station.

Away south-west expands the heaving tide
Of Fundy Bay, till brought up by the beaches
Of Nova Scotia. Here and there now ride
The crafts of fishermen, whose calling teaches
A way to wealth, bestowed with hand not sparing
By Mother Nature on the brave and daring.

Fair Nova Scotia ! how thy name recalls
Long past associations to the present,
Which memory still keeps sacred in its halls,
Of scenes and friends and memories ever pleasant
To fond remembrance, and will still be cherished
Till mind and memory have forever perished.

Those years have gone and joined the countless past,
And still they roll and will keep ever rolling ;
We, too, will some day roll into the vast
Immensity. The hope, Oh ! how consoling,
That when this feverish earthly race has ended
We will be once more and forever blended.

How cold, how desolate, how dark and drear
Must be his sojourn through this lower station
To whom no prospect lives beyond his bier
But blankness, darkness and annihilation;
No future conscious living, loving, greeting
Of kindred souls in one eternal meeting.

The poor earth-born, who so can live and die
Without one ray of hope to light his voyage
O'er that dark ocean whence we all must hie,
With dread despair alone to fill his stowage
We all may pity, but who can envy him,
Or who a tear of sympathy deny him?

I am the slave of no especial creed
By which to navigate my way to heaven;
God is all love and justice, and that meed
My deeds and merits warrant will be given
Despite the blandishments of sects and churches,
Thro' Him whose taintless blood has made the purchase.

All fell by one—confound him—and by One,
A mightier far, we also all arose.
This is good scripture, but then still, when done,
Sectarians will not take it as it goes,
But still maintain that *all* means *one*, if any,
And that *one* is himself, among the many.

This is the logic of those diverse schools
Who teach the doctrines of pure orthodoxy;
Each fenc'd in by the most astringent rules

To guard against the snares, and wiles, and foxy
Tricks of the other, to ensure salvation
Unto himself, and leave you to damnation.

Speaking of sects, I had a curious dream
Not long ago, in which I lay in sickness
Which prov'd my last. I died ! and then a gleam
Of light, with all the vividness and quickness
Of lightning, wrapp'd my spiritual vision
And bore me upwards with all due precision.

I reached at length the golden gates which lead
Into the cœlum of the just, whose glory
Bedimm'd short time my eyes and curb'd my speed,
But reach'd at last, in fear, the lower story
Of those bright mansions where poor earth-worn
mortals
Enjoy forever bliss within its portals.

I was admitted, but felt all aback,
As strangers always will do in strange places ;
But as I never have been very lack
In courage, soon I recognized some faces
Well known below ; this gave my soul some boldness,
And wip'd off every remnant of earth's coldness.

Led up at length before the great I AM !
I there receiv'd with joy celestial vesture,
And bowed my knee in reverence to the Lamb,
With every other penitential gesture ;
Then, looking round, felt more and more bewilderd—
The vision seem'd so endless and so gilder'd.

In front of the celestial throne appear'd

A great array of tubes pierc'd thro' the flooring,
All labell'd in due form, and as I near'd

My wonder rose, so in a meek, adoring
And serious manner, asked my guiding spirit
What they were for—if I might dare enquire it ?

He answered, with a sweet angelic grin,—

“These are the mediums by which sectarians
Of different creeds send up their different din
Of pray'rs and curses, each and all at variance
With that of every other ; thus confusion
Is spread on earth by nonsense and illusion.”

In modesty, I asked if I might take

The liberty to listen at a few of them.
“Most certainly,” he said ; “you here can make
Yourself at home, and have a whole review of them,
Without a drawback in your mind or conscience—
Eaves-dropping here is only foolish nonsense.”

So, thus permitted, I went round them all,

And quietly put my ear to every muzzle ;
But each was silent—there came up no call
For vengeance or for mercy. Now, the puzzle
To me was this—how I could miss the sounding
Which from all pulpits is for ever bounding

My guardian Angel patiently stood by,

Until he saw me lost in a quandary,
Then coming forward, ask'd the reason why

I look'd so much confused? Said I, "By Harry!"
He frown'd, and said, "Up here there is no swearing."
"Then please excuse me, but I've lost my hearing."

Again he deign'd to shed a radiant smile,
And asked me why I thought so? In replying,
I said I had gone over the whole pile
Of ventilators, but could hear none crying
For heavenly aid in loving, hating, cursing,
Or such like favours, when they are disbursing.

His smile grew deeper, as he, answer'ing, said,
"*No more do we.* It's a mistaken notion
They've got below, that Heaven can be made
To fluctuate, as does the changing ocean :
But all their clamours and their vain dictations
Are here unheeded as in lower stations."

Here I awoke, and found myself in bed,—
My dream and all its phantasy was over,
The sun was shining brightly overhead,
The sheep were bleating in a field of clover
Beneath my window, where young lambs were frisking,
Where hawkie browsed while her long tail was whisking.

These were all pleasing to the eye, but still
I had another sort of inner feeling
Left by my dream. What signifies the skill
Of learn'd sectarian doctors, who, revealing
The given promise of a bought salvation,
Deny all others from participation.

"Come unto me, all ye who feel opprest :
All ye who labour and are heavy loaded
Come unto me, and I will give you rest,
Without a price, as has been long forboded !"
This is the sentiment, if not the wording,
So let us take it and just act according.

As I have said before, I was not bred
To be of orthodoxy an expounder ;
But if I had, I'm sometimes almost led
To fear I would have prov'd a mal-confounder ;
That is, with those who are so very pious
That common sense slides from them on the bias.

Ye godly folks, I hear you, sighing, say—
"Alas ! for him I fear there's no redemption ;
He chose his course—the broad and certain way
Which leads to hell, from which there's no redemp-
tion ;
I told him so, but ah ! he would not listen,
Although he saw my eyes with tearlets glisten.

"I told him in a friendly, soothing style,
If *he* would only *do* just what *I* told him,
And drop all thinking for himself a while,
Then I would pray, and Christ would yet enfold him
With our own flock, and yield to him a treasure
Which would not rust, in value past all measure.

"I told him how our Lord was brought to scorn ;
Then he replied : ' Yes, madam, I have read it.'
I told him how I came to be new born ;

He said 'twas certainly much to my credit.
I told him of the tortures he would share yet ;
He, smiling, answer'd, ' But I am not there yet.'

" I ask'd him if he e'er went to his knees ;
He bade me ask his lady for an answer.
I felt my meekness yielding by degrees,
So, when he ask'd me if I was a dancer,
I said he was a wilful, perverse sinner ;
He look'd his watch, and said 'twas time for dinner.

" He said, ' That frown don't suit your pretty face.'
I felt my cheeks then grow a little warmer.
He said, ' Now, after all that's taken place,
One kiss before we part, my little charmer.' "
" What said you then, my child, to such like daffing ? "
" I said no more, but left his office laughing."

Such pious ladies sometimes wear a hood
Not altogether in all things quite suiting
Their grave pretences,—that of doing good,—
But still will persevere in constituting
Themselves Apostles, and as such, by prying,
Get neighbor's secrets, and save souls from frying.

God knows I am no pattern saint myself,
He also knows I never yet have been one ;
He knows what constitutes that kind of delf.
As for myself, I never yet have seen one
I could in any truthful way call saintly,
Although I've seen some ape it very quaintly.

Saint Nicholas, for instance, apes it well

At Christmas time, when he comes in so handy
With balls, fifes, drums and hammers,—not to sell,
But give as gifts, with long, sweet sticks of candy,
To all good children, cousins, sisters, brothers,
Who're in good graces with their aunts and mothers.

This kind of saint is ever dear to all ;

They bring good cheer and wear bright sunny faces ;
They're ever welcome, both in cot and hall,

And flout the mockery of false grimaces.
When in my dream I sought the higher regions,
I saw no sour face amidst all the legions.

Why should there be? But here I must stop short,—

I have to leave quite early in the morning
By rail for Nova Scotia, where I'll sport

A day or two ; but should I, on returning,
Have aught to say which would be a delight to you,
You'll get it all, and so, till then, good night to you.

PART FIFTH.

Ah-hey ! this rumble, tumble, jolting in a car

Along a railway line is most oppressing ;
It circulates the blood, but then the jar

Your system gets at every jolt's distressing ;
It's speed, in lessening distance 'tween the stations,
Completes the sum of its recommendations.

It does all well enough an hour or two

In search of pleasure with a jolly party ;
The pibroch skirling and the mountain dew

Subduing care and keeping all round hearty,
But when it comes to be both night and day work,
The " Grand Trunk " mercies are but sorry pay work.

And when, half-famished, you have reached a stage

Where fother can be found, you get a quarter
An hour to feed, but ere you can engage

Your teeth to any purpose, Curse ! that Tartar
Call'd the conductor—hark ! the bell is sounding,
And " all aboard ! " is in your ears resounding.

And then the dishes are so cursed hot,

With the first mouthful tongue and throat are
burning,

And sputtering to relieve the pain, you dot

With grease your neighbour's broadcloth ; or, in
turning

Your head, to the disgust of all beholders,
You leave the balance on a lady's shoulders.

Then there's the deil to pay, and no pitch shot
To pay him with; you feel in a quandary,
The lady frowns, but still your mouth's so hot
You can't express your sorrow to Miss Mary;
And what makes matters worse, instead of quaffing,
You're made the object of convulsive laughing.

In Nova Scotia things are not so bad,
The roads are shorter and the diet cooler,
The clime more moderate, but still I'm glad
To shun them all, and drive with Sandie Scoullar
In a plain waggon, hearing his opinion
Of that small section of our New Dominion.'

The very pink of human bipeds, is
This self-same Sandie for a chum or chatter;
His soul seems beaming from his eye and phiz,
And then his broken Anglo-Gælic clatter
Is so well seasoned with good-natured bantering,
That time seems nothing while you're onward cantering.

We got to Windsor, with some time to spare
Before the sound of that obnoxious whistle
Went skirling, like a demon, through the air
To gather round the station noise and bustle;
And so surveyed the village and its beauties
As the first entered on our scroll of duties.

A pretty little town is Windsor when

The tide is up, and wharves are in commotion
With passengers and other freight, and men

Called lumpers all at work with much devotion
To get on board whate'er the steamer's needing
In one short hour, ere yet the tide's receding.

But when its down, how very loathsome 'tis

To view its bed, long miles of slime and dankness,
Where frogs would scorn to show their ugly giz ;

Not even a boulder to relieve the blankness
Which reigns all round, until Dad Neptune scatters
It o'er again with his benignant waters.

The steamer's off now, and the water down,

So let us turn our backs on desolation,
And see what can be found in this good town

To yield the inner man some consolation
For past neglects ; ha ! there's the very quarters
Where man and horse may revel in like Tartars.

This tidy hotel is the very thing

For you and me, for comfort and economy ;
I feel so jolly I could dance and sing ;

None but a fool could here cry out " ohon-a-nee "—
Cheap fares, good dinners, and the best of brandy,—
Here's to your health and tartan ! honest Sandy.

That warms the heart, so while we are in trim,

We'll sally forth and view the outer stations,
The ship-yards and what not, and yonder grim

Old house, which now for sev'ral generations
Has dared decay, all kinds of weather scorning,—
I mean the mansion which "Sam Slick" was born in.

It stands a gun-shot off the public road,
A sylvan shaded avenue leads to it,
It wears the aspect of a meet abode
For monks and friars. I was never through it
To see its fittings, but give me a kicking
If I would thought Sam's clock-work there was ticking.

But such it was, and has done ever since,
To the delight of every one who hears it ;
And every tick declares he was a prince
Of clock-craft who could make it. Forty years it
Now is, since all its many wheels were bound up,
And still its there, but Sam, alas ! is wound up.

Alas ! poor Yorick ! and, alas ! poor Sam !
Great minds must pass away like common drivellers.
The luscious oyster and the sickening clam,
The witty rhapsodist and silly sniveller,
All have their day, and all will have their night too,
So for the change let each and all bedight you.

I wish I was a moralist, I'd teach
You all the path of duty, and the danger
You would incur by sneering while I preach
Of things I wot not ; how the great Avenger
Would one day come in all His might and fury,
And cook your goose, despite of judge or jury.

The preachers in our days are not the thing,—

They don't know half as much as in past ages ;
At times they give Old Nick a timourous fling,

But then our former theologic sages
Oft braved him face to face, and met his cunning
By their proficiency in script'ral gunning.

These good old times have gone, and now we're sunk

So far in sin below the average Yankee,
That Moody turned out one day from his bunk,

And, arm-in-arm with his dear brother Sankey,
Embarked at New York to traverse the ocean,
And teach John Bull the nature of devotion.

In former times the light came from the East,

And shed its radiance on all surrounding ;
But now-a-days the most potential yeast
For working up salvation and astounding
The world comes from the West, a thing at variance
With all the rules of mankind's past experience.

"But," says my Muse, "what, in the name of sense,

Has Windsor got to do with this palaver ?
The time has come now to depart from hence,

So cease at once your sentimental claver ;
The iron horse stands snorting at the station
To waft you forward to your destination."

Whatever you think, reader, let me say

I can't admire the sudden, quaint gyrations
My Muse indulges in from day to day ;

No matter what may be my meditations,
The sad, the cheerful, or the bright ethereal,
She curbs or fires them by her power imperial.

So I must yield, the time, she says is up,
And o'er the rails we must again go rumbling ;
Nor will the vixen even stay to sup,
Although she hears my bowels sadly grumbling ;
Now, I can swear by the Apostle Tupper,
In Nova Scotia, N. S. means no supper.

We're off at last ! jog jolt, jog jolt, jolt jog ;
A devil of a jerking-lurch, that last one,
It made poor Sandie grunt out like a hog—
“Cot tam ! she'll nearly to the floor doon cast one ;”
And still come others, bump, bump, in succession,
To punctuate this essay on progression.

Our speed increases, and the landmarks fly
Past with the wind ; a country, bleak and barren,
With boulders interspers'd, now meet the eye,
A proper subject for the brush of Farren,
Because its every innate form and feature,
If roughly painted, would look more like nature.

We're bowling on, “Mount Uniacke” is near,
And every throat is now as dry's a whistle ;
But crackers, cheese, and reaming mugs of beer,
Await us there to cool our drowthy gristle ;
In two hours more we'll enter Haligonias,
The empress of our western Caledonia.

You see I can be classic when I choose,
Plain Halifax don't sound so well in rhyming,
So you must grant a license to the muse
To use whatever words are best for chiming ;
She claims it as her right, beyond objection,
And will defend it both in square and section.

She also has another reason why
She wishes here to show her depth of learning,—
'Tis this, that city, in the years gone by,
Oft prov'd itself an adept in discerning
Her blushing merits while she yet was youthful,
And deem'd each soul beneath the heavens truthful.

Yes ! Halifax, within my inner core
You have a lurking place ; a spark there smoulders,
And has since the delightful days of yore,
When years sat light upon these hairs and shoulders,
Which slightest fanning, even at thy naming,
I feel burst forth and through my bosom flaming.

But now, how many of the leal and true
I met then in the full-blown pride of manhood
Have passed forever from our earthly view
To seek the future, like old jocund Dan Wood.
But what is, must be, good ne'er comes of crying,—
Laugh while we may, there's time enough for sighing.

Now, here we are in Halifax again,
All right and tight in health, and wind, and feather
And here too Sandie vows he will remain,

It so reminds him of the land of heather ;
But time will tell—perhaps he'll find it's better
To dream upon it ere he mails his letter.

Our traps are in the hotel, and our names
Are register'd among the new arrivals ;
We've seen our bedrooms, and grave Master James
Has told us all about the late revivals ;
But while he held forth on "the great outpouring,"
Confound the fellow, Sandie fell a snoring.

So now to bed !—The glorious Autumn sun
Is up, and has an hour or two been chasing
The clouds and vapours henceward one by one
From the bright surface of old Bedford Bason,
And drawing incense from the bowers and arbours
Which gem the islets of this queen of harbours.

Now from the citadel we view the long
Dark, straggling city lie beneath our vision ;
The morning air rings with the joyous song
Of British tars, whose honest, stern adhesion
To Britain's flag, in every clime and season,
Maintains her glory, with or without reason.

Jack never stops to ask the reason why,
His only care is to get at the foeman ;
Then turns his quid, and upward casts his eye
To view the flutter of that flag which no man
Has ever dared to frown on with impunity,
Nor ever will while Britons act in unity.

View'd from this stand-point, what could be more sweet
And picturesque than all the scene surrounding?
The wooded hills, where crystal streamlets meet,
Join fortunes, and in wedded bliss go bounding
Down to the plains, where wide-spread fields are
growing
Of yellow grain now ready for the mowing.

The distant farm-house, with its pastures green,
Where hawkie browses, or in rumination
Reclines, with eyes half shut; her sober mein
Bespeaks the subject of her meditation,—
“Here are sweet grasses and abundant water,
Now, what more's needed for a bachelor's daughter?”

If true contentment be true bliss, the cow
Has here the whip-hand over man's ambition :
She just lets well enough alone; but how,
I wonder, would she act in his condition,
Curs'd with the foresight to see rent day coming,
And tax collectors ever round her bumming?

But let her ruminate—she's not to blame
For mankind being born endowed with reason
To weigh all things, and in that reason's name
To “hold fast by what's good.” Oh! heinous treason
Against the rules of creeds, and saints, and churches,
Which all combine to give Nick the best purchase.

But this is metaphysics, if that term
Implies a something past our comprehension.
So let us drop it, and survey this germ

So rich and rare in beauty ; our intention
While here is to see everything that's beautiful,
And tell you of them honestly and dutiful.

If you should ever chance to take a trip
To Halifax, in co. with son or daughter,
You must on no account neglect to slip
Into the ferry-boat, and cross the water
To Dartmouth, and there get some jolly fellow
To drive you up as far as Portobella.

I have seen many places in my time,
And may see many more, but such a picture
Of rare magnificence Acadia's clime
Has no where else to show. The stern restricture
I've set upon my muse to speak veracity
Here almost fires up her innate pugnacity.

O! for an artist's pen to sketch its lines ;
O! for a Campbell's power to sing its merits ;
O! for a mammoth pick to dig its mines,
And glean therefrom the gold its quartz inherits.
O! for herculean power to wield it cleverly ;
And, ah ! for Sandie's sighs on leaving Waverly.

The whole way up from Dartmouth to the mine
Is one continuous scene of change and beauty ;
Hill, wood, glen, lake and streamlet all combine
With bosky dells and Indian huts, where sooty,
But healthy, young papooses ramp and go it,
Might make, in fact, the very ass a poet.

As for the inner man you need not fret,
His wants are well and speedily attended
In that small inn, where you can freely set
Your cares aside, and then, when all is ended,
You get your bill, and stare in consternation !
At what, you blockhead ? Why, the moderation.

Returning homewards, you might do much worse
Than cause your Jehu to draw up his buggy
Before "Craig Ross," and there take out your purse
And pay him ; then, despite the rocks and shuggy
Old rustic steps, ascend up to its summit,—
The view will pay for all the toils you come at.

The laird, if you can find him—Donald Ross,—
Is just the fellow you would like to meet with :
A burly Celt, whose heart contains no dross ;
A sterling gentleman as you could greet with ;
Whose humour sparkles o'er a quiet bottle,
Like grace beneath a vestment sacerdotal.

Here Sandie felt at home, and Donald's eye
Beam'd with pure ecstasy ; the very partan
Could not surpass in hue the crimson dye
Which tinged their cheeks, while both "tore up the
tartan,"

And pledg'd "a whisky dram to great McCallam,
The proudest chief who was or ever shall cam."

In agriculture Donald proves his skill,—
Potato patches and a cabbage-stock yard
Surround his mansion. Farther up the hill

A rustic seat, where you can view the dockyard,
The harbour and its picturesque topography,
And practise art, if student of photography.

But time or tide will not await on man,
So we must bundle backward to the city.
Our time is short, so haste! drain out your can—
To miss "Spring Gardens" would be worse than
pity.
Now "all aboard," and so we must, alas! go
Once more a rumbling downwards to New Glasgow.

Now here we are at last, among the mines
And miners' houses of this much fam'd Albion;
Whate'er the coal may be, the country shines
With brilliant aspect; let our first call be on
Mine host "The Ottawa," who wears not weepers—
The prince of scholars and of hotel keepers.

You'll find his hostelry beyond the bridge
Which spans the railway; there your comfort's cer-
tain;
You'll see his sign-board when you reach the ridge,
And all the other sundries which appertain
To places of that kind, with sunny faces
To greet your entrance upon his good graces.

A lovely prospect is this little town!
A plain rurality, which, in my deeming,
Bespeaks an air of comfort up and down,
And staid sobriety, that's most beseeeming;

Its daughters fair, its air serene and healthy,
Its sons industrious, though rarely wealthy.

Yet, even here, an odd one may be found
Who knows well how to find the "root of evil,"
But not among the slaves who, underground,
Turn day to night, and with pickaxes revel
Amidst coal-gum to keep their boiling pots on :
The men who make the money keep their coats on.'

But that is no exception to the rule :
Go where you will you'll find that my assertion
Holds good : the man who is so much a fool
As doff his coat, and work without coercion,
Will be allowed to toil without amendment,
While he who dons it waxes independent.

Here is a Senator of Celtic birth,
Who deals in snuff and treacle, snaps and honey :
He never gaz'd beyond his native earth,
But bound his soul up in collecting money,—
By fair means, if he could ! but, if he could not,
Why, then, by any means ! Say, why he should not ?

A weighty purse, whate'er the mind may be
Of him that owns it, calls forth admiration ;
A weighty brain, altho' it stands *per se*
For quality and culture, owns no station ;
But both combined oft prove a mighty pillar
To rest your aims on—therefore, make the *siller*.

Shave notes, or plunder, in an honest way,
The law sustains you in all legal thieving ;
Don't let your conscience, if you have one, stay
Your course to profit, even by deceiving :
If bankrupt, ere you venture to make proffers
Of compound, see first that you fill your coffers.

An easy conscience is a pleasant thing ;
A troubled conscience is the very devil ;
So, why not therefore curb it with the string
Which binds your purse, and be to all men civil ;
Go to the church, pray at revival meetings,
And soothe the dying with religious greetings.

Who giveth to the poor lends to the Lord,
And He, in time, will pay you back with usury.
“ Eh ! when and where ? I think I can afford
A trifle on such terms, but such profusery
In these days is not common. Lord, what d'ye call
him ?
And will he give his note, if I o'erhaul him ? ”

I mean in grace. “ In grace ! you said in time.
How long grace does He want ? ” Unto eternity.
“ Eternity ! I will not give a dime
Upon these terms ; not though the whole fraternity
Of lords and paupers were before me groaning,—
That's not the modern style of money loaning ! ”
“ Lo ! these are they ” whom men account as saints ;
“ Lo ! these are they ” who make our legislators ;

"Lo! these are they" whose solemn warning taints

The air we breathe, while they, as revealators
Of boundless love and charity, would cherish
Our souls with mammon, while our bodies perish.

But here again I'm wandering from my theme,—

I did not seek New Glasgow to turn preacher ;
And if I did attempt to come that game,

I rather fear I'd prove a sorry teacher ;
I'm orthodox enough in my profession,
And never was brought up before the session.

I also know some figures, and can run

Through the first rules of Gray with due precision ;
But once, I own, I fairly was undone

While practising the rule of short division ;
The dividend was one, three the divisor,—
I scratched my head, but still I got no wiser.

I puzzled long, at last I gave it up,

And showed the question to our worthy minister,
Who said he was just then in haste to sup,

And ask'd me, in a manner rather sinister,
Where my fool's head had picked up such a prism ;
I answered truly—in the catechism.

He left me, as I very soon must leave

This smiling province—that is quite abruptly ;
He gave one look, which, at the time, I grieve

To say it, almost made me feel corruptly.
But that was long ago, when young and foolish,
And in the main, perhaps, a little mulish.

But while I've been thus musing like a sage,
With all this ardency, this zeal and fervour,
My quondam Sandie has been quite the rage
Of every wondering juvenile observer,
While promenading with his kilt and feather
Through all the thoroughfares where crowds forgather.

Now here he comes, all flushed with native pride
At being the observ'd of all observers ;
His feather'd cap he now has laid aside,
With " Hech ! and haw ! and may the Lord preserve
hers !

She's seen sae mony in the toon to seek her,
That, truth and truly, she could scarcely speak her.

" Doon far beside the foundries, there I saw
John Scoullar, my own nearest blood relations ;
He said my philabeg was shoost as braw
As ever cam frae out the highland nations,
And proud am I this day to see you, Sandie,
My own dear cousin, look sae weel and dandy.

" But come awa' doon our house and saw Kate,—
She'll be so proud she'll not know where she stood on ;
And when you'll saw the pibroch piper, Pate !
Och ! she's the braw sweet music as ye could on
This broad, sweet daylight heard, or till it closes
And makes you lie shust on a bed of roses.

" Then, Kate, bring out the dram and bread and cheese'
And John was told me of the mony wonder
About New Glasco', but she's awfu' freeze

In Winter ; Kate says, Sandie, you must under-
stood that here the kilt is only good for wearing
In Summer months, when a' the sheeps are shearing.

" John sent the gillie over by the brig
To brocht McTavish and auld Dugald Geekin,
And then he ordert out his bonny gig,
And drove us up to see the lums a' reekin
Aboon the coal heuchs, where auld Flora Kellar,
His mother's auntie, keeps her whisky cellar.

" Och ! she's the finest lady, and she'll cam'
Out here long many years ago from Rosa :
Her husband, Duncan, brew'd the ouska dram,
And left there when the guagers seised his posa ;
But noo he's deid, and she is left to leiving
A life of sorrow and a heart of grieving.

" When we'll got in she kiss John and mysel' ;
The Athol brose was place upon the table ;
And aye she'll talk and talk like ony bell,
And neither John nor me to speak was able.
Och ! aye, she's just a wisdom of a dearie.
And speakit Gaelic she was never weary.

" But then I'll thocht that I had stoppit lang,
And left you by yoursel' all dull and donnert :
So then I'll told her ceev'ly I maun gang,
And said I feel so proud at being honert
With her acquaintance that I'll not forgot it,
And so John drove us back, and here I'm sottit."

Now here I am, dear reader, in a fix,—

I had intended to go down to Pictou ;
My muse again essays her former tricks

Of jilting me, and Sandie swears he'll stick to
His first resolve, and, without braggadocia,
Become a denizen of Nova Scotia.

I tried to reason with them, but 'twas vain !

The one is quite as stubborn as the other,
So I must eat the leek, and cry Amen !

And you, in turn, must soothe your rhyming brother,
By crushing every feeling of resentment,
And donning airs of placid self-contentment.

To eat a leek is not a pleasant task

To you or me, who are not full-bred Welchmen ;
But when there's nothing better, may I ask,

What's to be done ? Confound, and rot, and squelch
them,

They yield an odour which, in my opinion,
Affect the eye as badly as an onion.

I have it ! yes ! there's one thing *can* be done,—

It's practised sometimes in the Royal navy,—
Get a whole bunch, and mince them one by one,

Then stew them in a goblet with some gravy ;
And if you do not think them tip-top rations,
I'm much mistaken in my calculations.

When next you feel constrain'd to eat your leek,

I would advise you give this dish a trial :
The "Pilgrim and the Peas" shows how the meek

And penitent may do to shun denial
Of penitence for sin—by simply boiling
The peas, the schemer saved his feet from spoiling.

There's always two ways to perform a work,—

This is the wrong way, and that is the right one ;
Is there a blockhead on this side of Cork

Would cast a loose shoe to put on a tight one ?
So long as *nothing* but a *shoe* is mentioned,
You are not bound by what the *law* intentioned.

But best of friends must part, and so must we,—

I hear afar the locomotive whistle ;
Now, farewell, Sandie ! “ dry that tearfu' e'e,”

And let us to the station quickly bustle.
Time's up ! bell rings, and “ all aboard ” is crying,—
One jolt, we start, and leave poor Sandie sighing !

To me the homeward journey aye has been

The lightest, brightest, shortest, and most cheerful.
Returning ! joy pervades your fireside scene ;

Departing ! everything seems sad and tearful ;
So here we go ! our hearts with gladness jumping,
Alike regardless of all care and bumping.

One secret let me tell you, ere we part,

If Sandie finds the needful in his sporran,
Some time next Summer he intends to start

And view the rapids where Lachine goes roaring
Down o'er its rocky bed in such commotion,
To find a resting place within the ocean.

“And noo,” said Sandie, “you will understood
To no one but yoursel’ this word ye’ll spocket;
For if I gang ower to your neeborhood,
I’ll like to do it with a sonsy pocket.
They’re all goot friends, and nae doot will regret her,
But aye the bawbee mak’ them like her better.

“Noo stap your finger canny in your lug,
And that will keep you ony time from hearing,
And give you aye an easy chance to scug
The question when for Sandie they’ll be speering,
And you will write and keep me always kenning
About New Brunswick in your letters penning.”

So thus I parted with an honest man!
But if he carries out his good intention,
You’ll hear more of him, as its now my plan
To rough it with him o’er the West Extension,
To see, with his shrewd, common-sense assistance,
If Canada looks best near, or a-distance.



A FIRESIDE DRAMA.

ACT FIRST.

November chill had nearly run
 Into the first of Winter ;
The day had pass'd with rain and wun,
 And drench'd the weary hunter.
Beside a moorland ingle lowe
 An aged pair sat cracking,
Wi' mony a weary hech ! and how !
 While still the wun kept wracking
 A' roun' that nicht.

A collie lay upon the rug,
 And shar'd the warmth between them ;
Whiles growling, as ilk ither shug
 Struck on the window peen then ;
The cat kept racing up and down,
 A' wun and weather scorning ;
The clock sent forth an ee'ie soun',
 Which seem'd a kind o' warning,
 That dreadfu' nicht.

Said the guidman—I'll sing a sang
 I made mysel' yestreen, wife ;

'T will keep the time frae seeming lang,
Till bedtime comes bedeen, wife.
Aweel, said she, I'll beet the fire
And listen till 't wi' pride, John ;
I like to hear ye string your lyre
By our own ingle side, John,
On any night.

GUIDMAN SINGS.

TUNE—" *The Lass o' Gowrie.*

Noo thretty years hae come and gane
Since first we join'd our lots in ane,
And still, my auld guidwife, I'm fain
To clasp thee to my bosy.
Your cheek had then a rosy hue,—
Mirth sparkled in your een o' blue ;
But noo these wrinkles on thy broo
I haud my richer posy.

We ne'er were rich in earthly gear,
But aye we've hecht frae year to year
To keep our hearts and credit clear,—
And that, ye ken, is cosy.
Our Winters came, our Summers went,
But thro' them a', o'er brae and bent,
We've brush'd our way wi' sweet content,
And will do till they close aye.

The passion o' our youthfu' Spring
Thro' a' the Summer kept on wing,

Sae noo in Autumn we can sing
 "Come cuddle in a bosy."
 The sun may gang a backward gate,
 The moon and stars may rise o'er late,
 But while there's ony truth in fate
 You'll be my treasur'd posy.

GUIDWIFE'S RESPONSE.

TUNE—"The Lass o' Gowrie."

Guidman, it mak's me blythe to hear
 Your voice and breathing still sae clear;
 That sang rings sweetly in my ear,
 And warms my inner bosy.
 Yes, John, we had a happy time,
 While creeping up frae youth to prime;
 Our carks and cares were but a styme
 To mak' our joys mair rosy.

We noo hae reach'd the days o' eild,
 But, Guid be prais'd! we hae a beild,
 And five stout sons our age to shield,
 And help to keep us cosy;
 Forby twa dochters, leal and fair,
 In a' our joys and griefs to share;
 Sae, wi' sic treasures, wha wad care
 For three times told Potosi.

This far we've speil'd the hill o' life
 Wi' little canker, din, or strife,
 As should be atween man and wife,—
 True love can ne'er grow prosy.

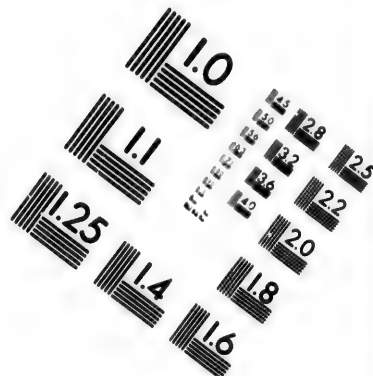
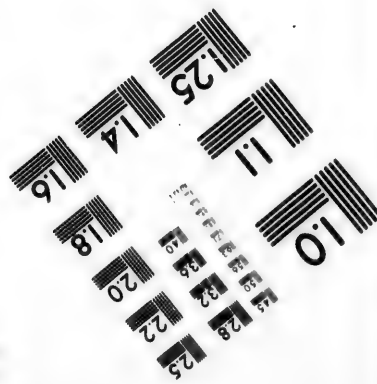
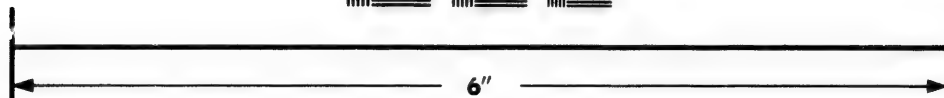
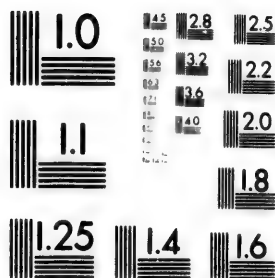


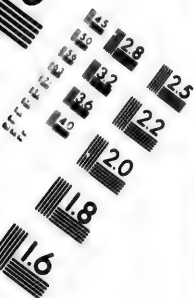
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Our years, at maist, maun now be few,
 But while I'm blest, dear John, wi' you
 I winna fret, but sip the dew
 Of love frae thy dear bosy.

THE COLLIE'S SONG.

TUNE—"Dainty Davy."

Chorus. I vow, since e'er I had a tail,—
 And that's noo sax years I'll go bail,—
 Of a' my joys this is the wale,
 To see ye baith sae cheery.

While listening on the hearth I lay,
 And saw the gamefu' cat at play,
 My joyfu' heart kept thumping sae
 I scant could keep frae barking.

Ye've gi'en auld care sae sair a fricht
 Wi' these twa joyfu' sangs the nicht,
 That o'er the hills he's ta'en a flicht
 And banish'd a' his carking.

Lang may ye live baith hale and fier,
 My maister and my mistress dear,
 And thus gae on frae year to year,
 Ilk ithers joys to share them;

And if a cloud should cross his broo,
 Don't let her crook an angry mou',
 But sing the sangs ye did e'enoo—
 And that's the way to scare them.

GUIDMAN'S SECOND SONG.

TUNE—"O! waes me!"

Preserve us a' the nicht, guidwife,
What's this come o'er the tyke?
I nearly swarf'd e'enoo wi' fear—
I never heard the like;
A dog to speak and sing sae weel,
And shaw sae gleg an ear,
Surpasses a' that e'er I kent—
'There's evil in't, I fear;
And sing O! waes me!

But then again it cracks sae douce,
And shaw sae meikle mense,
I canna think that auld mahoun
Could speak sic moral sense.
Its sage advice, if rightly ta'en,
Would save a deal o' din,
And aft micht thaw the frozen heart
Of him that's sunk in sin.
And sing O! waes me!

But, hear ye, wife, I trow the beast
Has something else to say,
It glowers sae wise-like in my face,
And wags its tail sae gay;
But still I'm fear'd to lend my lug,
It seems so out o' place
'To hear a collie speak like men,
And e'en wi' far mair grace.
And sing O! waes me!

GUIDWIFE'S RESPONSE.

TUNE—"O! waes me!"

Hoots! John, ye needna mak' a fyke
 About what comes to pass;
 Is't ony wonder for a tyke
 To speak mair than an ass?
 And yet, ye ken, in Balaam's time
 That miracle took place,
 And what was anes may be again,
 By His guid word and grace.
 And sing O! waes me!

Sae calm your fears, my auld guidman,
 Things a' work for the best;
 Our bautie is a canny beast,
 Nor seems like ane possest;
 Sae hear it out; but first we'll read
 A chapter o' the beuk,
 And if it was the deil that spak,
 He'll quickly turn a neuk—
 And sing O! waes me!

Weel, John, that text has sooth'd me sae
 I think we noo may close,
 We'll hear what bautie has to say
 O' human joys and woes;
 The brute looks blythe and cheerfu' like,
 As ony lamb in Spring;
 Sae lift your voice, my dainty tyke,
 And let us hear you sing.
 And sing O! waes me!

COLLIE'S SECOND SONG.

TUNE—" *Whistle o'er the lave o't.*"

O' speaking I hae little skill,
And as for singing, less o't still :
My proper sphere is on the hill
 To keep the nowte in order.
There I can race, and growl, and bark,
Frae morning's licht till e'enin's dark,
Then bring them hamewards frae the park,
 Safe o'er the barn-yard border.

I aften think, when by mysel'
I musing sit in yonder dell,
How cankert bodies plague themsel'
 Wi' richt down idle fancy ;
They chauner out, they chauner in,
And pest the life o' kith and kin,
Till aft it happens meikle din
 Comes o' sic moods wanchancy.

It's much the same with man and dog—
A snarl at times may reach the lug,
But folk o' sense sic trifles scug
 As scanty worth the hearing.
A kindly word at sic a time,
Is far mair potent and sublime
Than if ye deav'd the ears o' time
 Wi' cuffing and wi' swearing.

Had some auld fools been here the night
To get o' hamely bliss the sicht

That I hae seen, the lesson nicht
 In future teach forbearance.
 If folk wad only mind this rule—
 When he is wud, let her keep cool ;
 A kiss wad often banish dool
 Aff at its first appearance.

RECITATIVE.

Thus far the three had pass'd the nicht
 Devoid o' noise or strife,
 When a' at ance the auld guidman
 Cried out to the guidwife—
 "What noise was that I heard e'enoo ?
 There's some ane in the entry ;
 Come, bautie, I can trust in you
 To mak' a faithfu' sentry
 And guard this nicht."

He ope'd the door a bit agee
 And peer'd into the dark,
 Then gat into a tirrivee !
 A man baith stout and stark
 Stood in the shade in merry glee,
 A bundle frae him swinging ;
 "What cheer ! old skipper ?" shouted he,
 And bauldly enter'd singing
 This sang, that nicht.

JACK'S SONG.

TUNE—"Tam Glen."

I've just been paid off in the city—
 My voyage has come to an end ;

See

I kn

I ha

And now I am bound to see Kitty,
On whom all my money I'll spend.
While tossing afar on the ocean
True love kept my heart still afloat,
And now, with a lover's devotion,
I'm sailing to hymen's sweet grot.

When away on the fierce rolling billows,
With nothing in view but the sky,
I thought of yon green waving willows,
With Kitty's white cottage hard by.
For she is the girl of my fancy,—
A sweet little cherub is Kate;
You may sing of your Sue and your Nancy,
But mine is the happier fate.

I've a ring here to glance on her flipper,
A ribbon to tie round her crag,
Fine silks to adorn such a clipper,
All snugly tied up in this bag:
I have beat through the storm to this harbour,
Where now I would fain have a rest;
To-morrow I'll see Kitty Barbour,
And clasp the dear girl to my breast.

RECITATIVE.

See here! my good old fellow, can you suit me with a
bunk?
I know I'm rather mellow, but I swear I am not drunk.
I have travell'd far since morning with this here can of
flip;

Give o'er your idle scorning and join me in a sip.
I bought it at the Anchor when this morn I took my
prog ;
Said the landlord, " I'm a spanker, if that aint the best
of grog."
I box'd his compass tightly, but he still held by the
wheel,
So, if I judg'd him rightly, he's a true blue flint and
steel.
See here ! take a swig, my hearty, and we'll have
another song ;
Let us make a jolly party, though the devil comes along.
Whose there ? I hear the sounding of a measur'd
tread, I swear !
Here's the lad that needs no hounding when the enemy
is near.
Cheer up ! my good old mother, I will guard the outer
door ;
Tho' it were the devil's brother, I'll defend you while
ashore ;
I've a cudgel in my flipper and a pistol at my belt,—
Keep the cabin, my old skipper, and give o'er the fears
you felt.

[JACK disappears, and shortly afterwards returns
hand-in-hand with a wayworn soldier.]

So, you see, I've made a captive of this gallant looking
lad ;
For a while he has been active among arms, altho' no
pad ;

Take a swig from out this bottle—it will help you on
the march ;

Don't be frighten'd ! here's a pottle of the stingo royal
arch !

Cheer up, my worthy father ! let us have a jovial night.
We'll be happy while together, and depart at morn-
ing's light.

Your health and song, my shipmate, and confusion to
the Russ !

Love to you, without a slip, Kate ! glory to the French
and us.

SPOKEN.

The auld guidman, wi' solemn air,
Bent forward on his elbow chair,
And wish'd how weel they baith might fare
In life's fell faught,
But steadily refus'd to share
The cheering draught.

GUIDMAN SINGS.

TUNE—" O' a' the arts."

Na ! na ! said he, my bonny lad,
I ne'er in a my life
Had usquebae within my mouth,
Nae mair had the guidwife ;
I'm proud this nicht I hae a beild
To shield ye frae the storm,
But wae to see the drap o' drink
Destroy sae fair a form.

Gang to your beds, like honest lads,
If ye tak' my advice :
We'll beet the fire and dry your claes,
And mak' them warm and nice ;
The morn ye'll be baith hale and soun'
Before ye tak' the gate,
And find yoursel' in better tune
For meeting wi' your Kate.

Forego, in time, drink's witching wiles,
Ere yet it be ower late :
Ye little ken what danger comes
By tampering wi' fate :
Ye're noo a strapping, sturdy chiel,
About to tak' a wife,
Sae, for her sake, O ! try to shake
The habit aff for life.

I'm noo far doon the vale o' years,
And ken fu' weel what ills,
What troubles, agonies and tears
The demon drink distills ;
Then, O ! for dear, young Katie's sake,
The lass ye like sae weel,
This nicht mak' up your mind to break
That tyrant on the wheel.

RECITATIVE—SOLDIER.

A good advice, I must allow, but rather out of season ;
To worth and age I always bow, when in the bounds
of reason ;

But here am I, just from the wars, a lonely, wayworn
soldier,
All over mark'd with cuts and scars, and maim'd in leg
and shoulder,
Without a friend to stand my part, save this true
hearted sailor :
God bless his sterling warmth of heart, but God damn
every jailor.
Hand me the cup, I'll take a sup, and drink to Queen
and country,—
May Jack Ketch string all cowards up who'd leap their
sovereign's bounty.
I'll sing a song I learn'd of yore, when the old red-cross'd
banner
At the Crimea was unroll'd to fight for Britain's
honour ;
Stand by my tack, my trusty Jack, and join me in the
chorus,—
Who could be sad, my gallant lad, with such a bowl
before us ?

SINGS.

TUNE—" *Biddy the Basket Woman.*"

When first I join'd the soldier trade
I had not counted sixteen summers,
But, being a precocious blade,
I took a fancy to the drummers ;
I saw their uniforms so gay,
The scarlet streak'd with blues and yellows,
So said unto myself one day,
These are the pink of jolly fellows.

Row di dow and row di dee,
Row di dow and row di daddy ;
In a youthful burst of glee,
Who should I meet but Sergeant Taddy.

He took me in to have a drink,—
I felt myself grow large and bolder ;
He gave the bob and tipt a wink ;
Said he, " My lad, you're now a soldier."
So off to barracks straight we went
To get my kit and learn the facings,
To pay my entree to the tent,
And brush off all my awkward tracings.
Row di dow, &c.

Since then I've roam'd the world around,
All through the East with gallant Napier ;
Heard full oft the bugle's sound,
And learn'd to love a glancing rapier.
All my battles who can name ?
All the jungle hunts and slaughters ?
While old India dar'd that game,
Which dyed full oft the Ganges' waters.
Row di dow, &c.

Beneath the burning Afric sun
I've fought the stalwart sable Kaffres,
And when the fight was lost and won,
I always stood among the buffers.
When the Turk call'd out for aid
Against the Russ in name of Allah !

Who the devil was afraid
To rush with Colin up the Alma?
Row di dow, &c.

Taddy.

On the rampart, in the trench,
Always foremost in the battle;
From a Cossack who would flinch?
While around the cannons rattle.
On the heights of Inkerman,
Ten to one, they tried to gall us;
But before that day was done
They learn'd that hell could not appal us.
Row di dow, &c.

er;

At Balaklava, who so bold?
Who so daring and so dashing?
While the sulph'rus thunders roll'd!
While around the blades were flashing!
Still I see the thin red line,
Tipp'd with steel, in sunshine glancing,
Stand unshaken as the pine,
And stem the torrent while advancing.
Row di dow, &c.

Send the can around, my boys,—
Here's the Queen, the Church and Nation!
Girls and wine!—the soldier's joys;
Love and honour! in each station.
Here's the brave old Iron Duke!
And the good Sir Colin Cam'ell!
Victory starts from every nook
To spread our pledge o'er brake and bram'le.
Row di dow, &c.

JACK.

Well said and sung, my brave old buck,
You've fought well for your pension;
The Russ had better have no truck
With lads of your dimension;
Here, take a swig to clear your pipe,
And set your tongue in motion;
A crew like you, and tidy craft,
Methinks could sweep the ocean.

You lip it well, my game old cock,
Despite the skipper's preaching;
I'm much afraid you'll prove a rock
Right in his course of teaching;
He'd better jot you in his chart,
To guide his future cruising;
But while you sang, I felt my heart
Could not refrain from musing.

Those words he said about my Kate
Have put me in a flutter;
May I be damned through life by fate
To sail a leaky cutter
Without a rudder, chart, or sheet
To guide me through the water,
If grog in me e'er wrings a tear
From her old father's daughter.

SOLDIER.

Now, halt there! and ground arms—such idle vows
Are not beseeching in a manly sailor;

Such lingo should be lost on him who ploughs

The ocean for a foe. The silly railer
Of an old man, now sinking into dotage,
Should be view'd softly as a dish of pottage.

Such sentiment may all be well enough

In carpet knights and such like, but in one who
Must take, in life, the tumble and the rough,

And face the scenes and dangers I have gone thro',
A little relaxation o'er a jugful
Revives the heart and memory in each mugful.

Your Kate is surely not the sort of lass

Who'd blush to be here toasted in a bumper;
Let all such moonshine maidens go to grass,

And join me in another flowing thumper
To all the girls in each and every harbour—
But first, and chiefly, lovely Kitty Barbour.

JACK.

Belay there, shipmate! from my inner soul

I join the sentiment; but still, control

Your lingo when you speak to me of Kate,—

She now has promis'd to become my mate;

I've known her since a child, and lov'd her long

For moral worth and beauty; and her song

Rings like an angel's in my heart and ear,—

So sweet her voice, so tremulous and clear.

Don't speak to me of moonshine maidens—she

Of all such artful blandishments is free.

A full soul'd woman is my little craft,

And may the devil keep me still abaft
 If I e'er give her cause by word or deed
 To rue her pledge. To-morrow, if God speed
 My journey, I will see her, and redeem
 The troth I plighted by yon woodland stream.
 I'll join your sentiment, but not in grog ;
 That I have sworn to in my moral log.
 I thank you, father, for your word in season,
 And always will do, while I have my reason.

GUIDMAN.

Wow ! man, this nicht it mak's me crouse
 To see sae much fruition
 Come o' a word spoke in this house,
 Frae ane in your condition ;
 But ye're a mensfu' minded chiel,
 That sees the richt frae wrang way ;
 Wha speaks the truth and shames the deil,
 And shuns the gulf that lang lay
 Richt in your path.

May He wha rules the realms aboon
 Lang guard your resolution,
 Lang keep ye frae the paths o' sin,
 Or sic like prostitution ;
 And when young Katie ye hae wed,
 Ye'll bring her yont to see us ;
 My auld guidwife here wad be glad
 If ye a ca' wad gie us—
 On any day.

Well
 I tha

THE GUIDWIFE SINGS.

Trowth, that wad I. I really think
I like the lass already ;
Nane but a kimmer braw and dink
Could win sae brave a laddie.
Sae bring her yont some day ere lang,
To get your cruds and cream, man ;
A crumpie cake, forbye a whang
O' cheese, will aye beseem, man.

Like the guidman, I'm proud to see
Ye tak' advice sae weel, man ;
A chiel like you, sae frank and free,
Is sure to mak' a leal man.
My blessing rest upon the vow
That ye hae made this day, man ;
And may ye keep it till your pow
Be silver'd o'er with gray, man.

Then Kate will be a happy wife,
And ye will be a blythe man ;
Through a' the tenure o' your life
Ye'll aye be fit to kythe, man ;
And when belyve your chubby bairns
Are dancing roun' your knee, man,
Ye'll bless the nicht my auld guidman
Gat in the tirrorivee, man.

JACK.

Well sung, good mother. For myself and Kate
I thank you ; and so be't it's not too late,

I'd like to have some converse with my mate
 In arms. But list! there's some one at the gate,—
 His must of needs be an unlucky fate;
 Beet up the fire, now slumb'ring in the grate;
 I'll see who comes, and if so be his state
 Requires our aid, a drop may cure his pate,—
 On such a night it's good. At any rate
 I will go see. Just now I heard a tone
 As of a weary, eerie, dismal moan.
 God help whoe'er it may be! He alone
 Can do so; but, if needs be, we can try
 To wipe at least one tear-drop from his eye.

[*Exit JACK, and shortly returns, bearing in his arms
 the exhausted form of a venerable mendicant.*]

Why! who is this? I found him on the grass;
 Quick! soldier, pass along a brimming glass;
 This is no time for parley. Bless my soul!
 The poor old creature shivers past control.
 Here, bear a hand, and pour it down his gizzard;
 Now, that will 'fresh him, if he were a wizard.

GUIDWIFE.

Hech, sirs! the nicht, a waefu' sight to see;
 Rub o'er his temples wi' the barley bree;
 Tak' aff his claes and put him in the bed,
 And wrap a flannel roun' his auld gray head;
 I'll mask a cup o' tea, and toast a slice
 O' bread, and hae it sappy, warm and nice,
 For his auld gums, when he has sae revived
 As to be fit to tak' it. How contriv'd

gate,—
;
—
Ye, lad, to bring him in? he's nae wee wecht,
That same poor body; but the dreadfu' fecht
He's had the nicht against the wind and weather
Has chilled his blood and swarf'd him a' thegither.

SOLDIER.

n his arms
licant.]
ss;
ard;
d.
There's something in that venerable face
Which seems to me familiar. As I trace
Each mark and line, an image of the past
Is o'er my soul and mental vision cast,
Which carries me aback to former years,
Ere yet I shar'd the tide of human tears.
And yet, it cannot be! I'm dreaming! If
That were the one I think of, O! what grief
I yet might lighten on his stricken heart.
But no, it cannot be! These tears, which start
In eyes which have not wept for many years,
You will excuse. When mingling with my peers,
In camp or field, I had not time for this:
But that old man recalls my youthful bliss,
When by my father's side I gambolled, free
And innocent as lambkin on the lea.
But now, good dame and worthy sire, I feel
An inner yearning, which I can't reveal,
Towards that prostrate form, as if it charms
My soul to clasp it in these outstretch'd arms.

GUIDMAN.

Excuse ye, lad! For what? These tears ye shed
Are just an honour to the sodger trade,

And gang to prove that e'en a hero's heart,
 Like ither folks, has aye a tender part.
 I didna think, while ye sat roistering there,
 Ye had o' kindly feeling sic a share.
 But tent ye! lads, I think I hear him speak;
 Gae o'er, guidwife, and tak' a canny keek
 Into the bed, he's aiblins noo come roun'.
 Waes me! this nicht he had an unco stoun'.

GUIDWIFE.

E'en as you said, guidman, he noo looks weel,
 But aye keeps glowering at that sodger chiel,
 As if he was afear'd o' his red jacket;
 Sae, lads, be calm and dinna mak a racket.
 But peace be wi' us! Is't my lugs that's ringing,
 Or is the poor auld daivert body singing?

THE MENDICANT'S WAIL.

TUNE—"The Harp that once in Tara's Halls."

Oh! happy, happy were my days
 In the years o' langsyne;
 When care sat licht upon my heart,
 And a' life's joys were mine;
 When youth, and love, and friendship dear
 Were blin' to comin' ills;
 When licht o' foot and lythe o' limb
 I roam'd my native hills.

The wimpling burn, the birken-shaw,
 The sylvan fairy glen,

The moorland cot, the castle hoar,
The spunkie haunted fen ;
With mem'ry's e'e I see them yet,
While grief my bosom fills,
For gane's my youthfu' dream o' bliss,
And gane my native hills.

My wife, noo mould'ring in the mools,
Was loving, leal, and fain ;
My gallant son in battle fell,
Beyond the raging main ;
My daught'er, tender as the tear
An angel's e'e distils,
Now sleeps upon her mother's breast,
Far frae her native hills.

I'm noo a poor time-stricken man,—
My locks are thin and gray ;
My head's sair bending to the grave,—
My heart is sunk in wae ;
My legs are frail, my e'en are dim,
The frost my auld blood chills ;
While lanely here I beg for bread,
Far frae my native hills.

O ! Scotland dear, my native lan',
Still through the mist o' years
I see thy bonny heathery knowes,
And greet them wi' my tears.
A foreign grave may be my share,
But come what heaven wills,

My latest sigh, my latest pray'r
Will be for Scotland's hills.

SOLDIER, *much excited, and rushing towards the bed,*
exclaims—

He fell, my father! but he did not die,—
He lives to bless you in his latest sigh!
I am the wayward son for whom he mourns,
Who crown'd his venerated head with thorns,
And heap'd upon his heart a blighting load.
Forgive me, father! and forgive me, God!
Through many years I've mourn'd him with the dead,
And felt hell's pangs unto my bosom wed.
Now I have found him, and no earthly power
Again will part us, till our dying hour.
I have a pension, honorably won
Beneath the African and Indian sun,
Which will suffice to keep us both from want,—
A soldier's luxuries are ever scant.
I now have found what most I prize on earth—
The long lost author of my humble birth;
I now have got an aim to cheer my life,—
So farewell folly, liquor, war and strife.
My honor'd sire! from now forget the past;
No more let grief your pathway overcast:
Bear witness, friends, I mean no idle jest;
I swear it! weeping on my father's breast.

GUIDMAN.

Guid help us a' the night! I'm like to greet,
My earthly happiness is sae complete,

At seeing what I've seen this nicht tak' place,
And mark the joy that's beaming in ilk face.
Rax me the beuk, guidwife; it's naught but richt
That we should sing His praise this happy nicht,
Wha has bestow'd sic blessings upon a'
That's here assembled in our lowly ha'.
His ways are wonderfu'! Nae human min'
Can fathom out His wise and deep design.
First cam' the storm o' daudin wind and rain,
While ye were wandering on the open plain;
Nae shelter near, but this, our humble bield,
In which frae wind and weet your heads to shield.
Nae doubt ye thocht your case was unco hard,
And maybe fretted, without due regard
To His wise providence,—and yet, ye see
What has come out o't! Here ye are a' three,
Sae lang gi'en up for lost, noo blythe and crouse
In ithers' arms within my humble house:
Sae noo, to soothe our sauls and ease ilk qualm,
We'll sing twa verses o' the hundred psalm,
In praise o' Him wha aye works for the best,
And then retire in thankfulness to rest.

JACK.

Agreed, good father! let us now begin—

SOLDIER.

With firm resolve to wipe out former sin.

GUIDWIFE AND MENDICANT.

Amen! Amen! God hears and answers a'
Wha on His name with zeal and fervour ca'.

ACT SECOND.

By early dawn the household was a-steer ;
The storm had pass'd, the morn was bright and clear ;
The hoary mendicant forgot his woes ;
His valiant son forgave his ancient foes,
Consigned his father to the tender care
Of this most loving and congenial pair,
Whose house had witness'd on the previous night
Such joys untold, such romance and delight.
Then forth along the road, this man of war
Pursued, in peace, his journey with the tar.
A term of silence reign'd between the twain,
Ere either could his wonted glee regain,
Conflicting memories passing through each mind.
At last the sailor whistled on the wind
To fill his canvas and amend his sailing,
In pushing forward to young Katie's mailing.

JACK. Look here ! now, shipmate, let us have a song,
'Twill cheer our spirits as we jog along ;
That strain of yours, last night, was just the thing
To make a fellow's heart go jingo ring.
Let's have another from your camps or quarters,
And damn the Russ, the Cossacks, and the Tartars.

SOLDIER. My songs are few, nor do I feel in trim
To sing this morning, when I think of him
With whom last night I met—my aged sire !
But still I'll do my best. When midst the fire

Of round and grape shot, on the battle-field,
Oft has this ditty serv'd my heart to shield
'Gainst morbid fear, when all around were lying
In heaps—the dead, the wounded, and the dying.

TUNE—" *Cheer, Boys, Cheer !*"

Up, Britons, up! seek again the field of glory ;
Up, Britons, up! spread your standard to the wind ;
 Sound the trumpet! grasp the musket!
 Drive the despot's hordes before ye!
Up, Britons, up! fight for freedom and mankind.

The spirits of your sires will be with you in the battle,
And lead you on to vict'ry, though countless hosts surround ;

 And should death o'ertake your steps,
 When amidst the cannon's rattle,
Eternity alone to your fame can set a bound.

Again! lads, again! charge the foe as at the Alma ;
Let Inkerman's proud heights be your watchword in
 the fray ;

 Balaklava yet is red
 With French and British valour,
And glory lights her lamp on the field of Tcherneya.

Then, forward! bravest, forward! no earthly power
 can stay you ;
Heaven smiles upon your cause ; your victor swords
 unsheath.

 Ye are Britons! ye are Britons!
 Mark the Muscovite before you

Is trembling midst his ranks. On to victory or death !

Now cheer, lads, cheer ! the tyrant's power is broken ;
He twists and writhes in chains he has never known
before.

His strongholds now are yours—

His armies fly before you,—

Cheer, lads, cheer ! till ye drown the cannon's roar.

Fill your cups ! fill them high ! let us drink to gallant
Gaulia,

Whose sons have with you fought, and whose sons have
with you won.

May the blood ye jointly shed

Seal eternal peace between you.

Cheer, lads, cheer ! now the tyrant's race is run.

JACK. Well pip'd my lad ; here, heave aboard your
flipper,

I love to sail in tow of such a skipper ;
It makes the time seem short, the passage glad,
And gives the face about to musings sad,
As should be when a fellow seeks the girl
With whom, in weal or woe, he's bound to whirl
Through life's career. From woe I've naught to fear,
For Kate's the lass that could a hermit cheer.
I've got some rhino here to make a start,—
So what more's needed but a loving heart ?
And that has Kate, as I have known for long ;
Even now, I fancy that I hear her song
So full of tenderness, the very strains

Might soothe a captive writhing in his chains.
When we have reach'd her arbor, which we'll do
Within the compass of an hour or two,
I'll place this ring upon her genty finger,
Then to the good old parson quickly bring her.
You'll be my stand-up man, and see the splice,—
It won't take long, he'll do it in a trice.

SOLDIER. With all my heart ! I'll stand your friend
in need,

As you did mine, and wish you both God speed
Upon your voyage to the land of bliss,—
So what poor devil could do more than this.
I envy not your rhino, comrade, but I do.
Somehow, envy you of the gentle crew
With whom you're bound to sail. I never yet
Have had such fortune. Once a little chit
In India, to whom I made proposals,
And was accepted, but ere the espousals
Could be accomplished, by my sainted mother,
I found her out hob-nobbing with another,—
So gave her up, and, as the story runs,
She then was pregnant with a brace of sons.
Now for your song, my jolly, jocund mate,
Let's hear a ditty to your charmer Kate.

JACK. All right, my hearty ; here goes for a stave
I made myself, while on the briny wave
We lay one night becalm'd. The thoughts of Kate
Were ever in my mind both ear and late ;
So, with a pencil and a scrap of paper,
I scratch'd it down—the moon and stars my taper.

The peaceful heaving of the ancient ocean
Had rais'd within my bosom such devotion
Towards the girl I lov'd, that common lingo
Could not express my feelings ; so, by jingo,
I claim'd the privilege of the rhyming craft,
And sung it to my messmates in the baft,
Who join'd their voices to increase the sound,
And spread Kate's praises o'er the waves around.
Old Daddy Neptune seem'd to join our cheer,
And sent a cat's-paw o'er the waters clear ;
Then came the wind upon our larboard quarter,
And sent us homeward bounding thro' the water.

TUNE—" *Song of Death.*"

Go, boast of your beauties in circles of fashion,
Array'd in the grandeur of state,
But give me, thou Goddess of love's holy passion,
The heart and the hand of dear Kate.

Her bright, sparkling eyes pierce my soul with
their glances ;

Her brow is serenity's seat ;

Her smile, like an angel's, my bosom entrances,—
Ecstatic's my love for dear Kate.

On her cheek rosy tints with the lily seem blending,

Her teeth with the ivory could mate ;

Her voice, all the music of nature transcending,

Inspires me with love for dear Kate.

My soul's dearest charmer ! my senses she'll ravish ;

Love's slave I am doom'd from this date ;

Were the Indies my portion, their wealth I could
lavish

To win but the heart of dear Kate.

Ye powers who at will rend the mountains asunder,
Who wield the bright sceptre of fate,
Who bridle the storms, and embattle the thunder,
O ! give me the heart of dear Kate.

SOLDIER. That song rings well, Jack, on the morn-
ing breeze,

Whate'er its echo on the open seas,
And wafts my memory back, on fancy's wings,
To all the jubilation of youthful springs,
When I, like others, felt love's genial glow
O'er all the tendrils of my heart-strings flow ;
When 'neath the well remembered beechen shade,
With long lost Jane on summer nights I stray'd.
She died ! and I, to soothe my bitter grief,
Betook me to the ale-house for relief.
Alas ! I was mistaken, as I found
But sorrow flow from dissipation's round.
My mother ! bless her ! oft invoc'd with tears
To win me from my dissolute compeers :
But all in vain ! At last she also died,
And was laid by my dear and lost one's side.
Remorse then wrung my soul, and in despair
I joined the army, where to do and dare
Has been my life's ambition. My old sire
I left behind heart-broken, in my ire
Against myself ; nor have I e'er since then,

Until last night, beheld him once again.
Now, having found him whom I long thought dead,
I'll smooth the pillow for his hoary head ;
It may be take a wife, if I can find
Some decent woman suited to my mind.

JACK. There I'm on hand, old fellow ! In my eye
I know the woman that will suit you fly !
You still seem hale, and well, and stout, and jaunty,
Then why the devil not take Kitty's aunty ?
A good old soul as ever liv'd, is aunt ;
She loves me like a son, too ; when I want
A good advice, I always seek her mailing,
She never pesters me with useless railing,
But speaks so kindly, and so most uncommon,
I always view her as a model woman.
She's been a widow now for several years,
And has one child, a daughter, whom she rears
With tenderness and care,—a lovely chitty,
The living picture of my little Kitty.

SOLDIER. Mayhap your right, Jack, in your hasty
view

Of the position, but there's always two
Requir'd to make a bargain. So you see
That aunt might hesitate. She knows not me ;
And well, perhaps, she don't. Yet still I think
She may do worse. I have forsworn the drink,
And mean to keep my oath, with heaven's aid.
My pension's good—two shillings— duly paid
Once every quarter, and I'm not so old,
Just forty-five next summer, stout and bold

For all my wounds. I'd like to see her! Say,
How are her looks? her eyes dark, blue, or gray?
And is she tall or short? just give a hint,
But, more than all, I hope she does not squint.

JACK. Her squint! be damn'd! My Kitty's aunty
squint?

No! by the master of the Royal mint,
More loving eyes ne'er peer'd into my heart!
They are of Kate's the very counterpart.
She squint? let's hear no more of that 'ere lingo,
Lest we should quarrel. Squint! squint! by jingo!

SOLDIER. Smooth down your ruffles, Jack; I meant
no harm,

To make you thus get all afroth like barm;
How stands our march now to young Kitty's camp?

JACK. Just round yon turning, past the mossy
swamp,

One little spurt, then hey! for our re-meeting,
My heart goes bounding to receive her greeting.

SOLDIER. Your hand, Jack, that you'll speak a
friendly word

To aunt, if so be other things accord.

JACK. Now here we are! This charming little cot,
Half hid by bushes, holds my treasur'd lot.
O, God! I thank you for my safe return
From wave and war. O! how my vitals burn
Just now with love; but hark! I hear her strains:
She sings of me! My blood leaps thro' my veins
To clasp her in these arms. But list! and hear
The love notes meant not for a lover's ear.

Within the cottage Katie a' alane
 Pour'd to her inner ear this wailing strain—

TUNE—"Logie o' Buchan."

Chorus.—O! weary's my heart since young Jack gaed
 awa',
 O! weary's my heart since young Jack gaed
 awa',
 But I hae his promise, whatever befa',
 That he'll aye be faithfu', baith here and awa'.

The last time we parted, my braw sailor chiel
 Said, "Kate, baith my head and my heart's in a creel,
 But this cruise once over, if a' things haud weel,
 I'll haste back, my dearie, our paction to seal."

Without him, the months seem mair lang than the
 years
 When he's by my side wi' his jibes and his jeers;
 But I maun cheer up and give over my fears,
 For nae guid can come by this shedding o' tears.

Last nicht, in my dreaming, I saw my dear lad
 Come bounding along wi' a heart licht and glad;
 He leap'd o'er the fence frae the field to the pad,
 Then clasp'd my waist, and said, "Why, Kate, so sad?"

He kiss'd me sae fondly, that, ere I could speak,
 I felt his warm tears runnin' down' o'er my cheek,
 I swoon'd in his arms, for my joy made me weak,
 And woke to find out 'twas a fanciful freak.

But I maun cheer up, for my faither is frail ;
 It would sadden his heart should he hear me bewail :
 Sae blaw ye kind breezes, and fill weel the sail
 That brings my dear laddie to me frae the gale.

JACK, rushing in at the cottage door, exclaims—

Your dream came true, my Kitty, here I am
 All right and tight in every timber. Calm
 All your fears, my girl, Jack's still the lad
 To kiss away your grieving, and make glad
 That little heart of thine. Tip me your finger,
 See here's the ring, and now I cannot linger
 A second till I see it on that hand,
 Now all my own. Come, soldier, do not stand
 So far aback. This is my Kate ! of whom
 I told you. Now, may all the saints illumine
 Our pathway to the altar. Hear me ! Kate—
 Why ! what's the matter ? By the shafts of fate,
 The girl has fainted. Quick ! there, bear a hand,
 And bring that pitcher from the washing stand ;
 I'll souse her well. By all the moods and tenses
 The girl's so proud, she's swoon'd out of her senses.

SOLDIER. She's coming round, now ; so, with your
 good pleasure,
 I'll seek the garden walks for a brief measure :
 Such scenes as these, I hold, are far too holy
 For strangers' eyes to gaze on. Melancholy
 Has been at times my enemy ; and now
 This heart-felt scene, I feel, has clothed my brow

With its dark mantle. I will soon be back
To share your joyful jubilations, Jack.

[SOLDIER retires.]

JACK and KATE alone.

JACK. See here, my lass, this fainting will not do,
It scares a fellow so all through and through.
Why, when I show'd the ring, I thought your joy
Would make you dance with ecstasy. This coy
Demeanor is not meet 'tween you and me
Here, as I am just newly back from sea.
Cheer up, Kate, and be brave! To me 'tis bliss
To clasp you thus, and take another kiss.

KATE. I noo am weel and strong. The sudden start
Brocht something like a dwawm about my heart ;
But noo I feel sae blythe to see ye hame
Frae a' the dangers o' the saut sea faem,
I maist could greet wi' gladness at the sicht—
I dreamed about ye a' the lee lang nicht.

JACK. And so did I of you, Kate, night and day ;
Awake, asleep, in port, and on the spray,
My little charmer still was in my mind—
Her love notes reach'd my ear on every wind.
But how is father? and your worthy aunt,
My sage old counsellor? May heaven grant
That both are well, and that ere little minx,
Her daughter. Here's an image of the sphinx
I brought back as a toy from o'er the water,—
A rare, ~~very~~ something, is that self-same daughter.

KATE. The man's unco frail this lang while
back,

But aye he speaks o' you in ilka crack.
My aunty's weel and hearty, and the bairn
Gangs to the school noo, and seems gleg to learn
Beyond her years. Her mither's in the yaird
To feed the poultry, and the guid auld laird,
My faither, has, as usual, lain doun
To tak' a blink o' rest ; but he'll be roon'
Ere lang—it's now about his time o' rising ;
He's frail, but keeps his spirits most surprising.
Hey, Jack ! this day my heavy heart feels fain
To see ye safely back to me again.
This while I've had a dreary kind o' dread
Some ither lass had come to fill my stead
Within your breast, but noo I feel quite gay
To hear you vow that still ye love me sae.

JACK. Still love you, Kate ! Why, bless your little
soul,

I'm true to you, as magnet to the pole.
Still love you ! When I cease to do so, may
The canker worm, that never dieth, prey
Upon my vitals. Yes, Kate, while I live
'Tis but for you. Again I ask you, give
That little finger till I place this ring
Upon it. There, now ! ere the joyous Spring
Again develops Nature's various charms,
I' clasp my Katie in a husband's arms.

[SOLDIER returns from the garden, accompanied by

AUNT.]

What, ho ! good aunt, my worthy, pious dame ;
How goes the wind the course by which you came ?

Hand me your flipper, for the sake of times
 Now past and gone, and oft forgiven crimes
 Against your sage advices. See here, Kate,
 Methinks our worthy aunt has caught a mate :
 She's an old stager in the angling trade,
 And might, mayhap, yet hook this dashing blade.
 Don't frown, good aunt, nor look so very glum—
 We know what's past, but know not what's to come.
 For you, my shipmate, may the doctor march
 Me into quarantine, but this seems arch
 And stark hypocrisy in you to feign
 Such modesty, a hidden point to gain.
 You see it, Kate ; now, by that golden ring,
 I can't resist my impulse now to sing.

TUNE—" *Duncan Gray.*"

Here's this gallant son of Mars,—
 O, hey ! the thinking o't ;
 Just returning from the wars,
 What need for blinking o't ;
 Came with me this day at noon,
 " Spare my blushes," then, his tune,
 Who would thought that he so soon
 Could set love's scales a clinking o't.

There he stands, nor can deny ;
 Mark his nervous winking o't ;
 Fire and fight in every eye,
 As he had been drinking o't ;
 Stand at ease, now, and confess
 That there's virtue in my guess ;

Heave the truth out, more or less,
And give o'er the shrinking o't.

SOLDIER. Now hold there, Jack, your merits as a
railer

Are quite becoming in a jolly sailor :
But what, suppose I did admire your aunt,
I hope its no offence ; and do not vaunt.
When this I say, I always did my duty
To Queen and country, honour, love and beauty,
Where'er I found it. Once, I tell you, Jack,
I sav'd a maid from ravishment and wrack
In India, when the Sepoy demons wag'd
Their deadly war 'gainst virtue. I engaged
A round half dozen of the cursed crew,
And kill'd or maim'd them all, save only two,
Who fled like cowards from my flashing blade :
Then safely to her friends I bore the maid.
This medal on my breast attests the fact,
It bears, you see, a record of the act.
So if, in time, your aunt should prove less coy,
Who knows but yet we might be kinsmen, boy ?
Then I could sing with all your present glee
A verse like this, at Hymen's jubilee,—

TUNE—" *Duncan Gray*."

Notwithstanding all my scars,
And her long denying o't,
Kitty's smiles and Jacky's jars,
Yet I still kept trying o't ;
At the end she gave a sigh,

While the tear stood in her eye,
Bent her head, and made reply,
Yours, past all denying o't.

Then young Jack took in a reef,
And gave o'er his prying o't :
Kitty jeer'd through sheer mischief,
Ceas'd her how and whying o't :
Auntie, to complete my bliss,
Seal'd her promise with a kiss :
Bashful wooers, think of this—
Make another trying o't.

AUNTY. Be done, ye graceless fellows, wi' your
vapours,

Your singing sangs, and ither menseless capers :
It isna fair, that twa should thus keep poking
At ane sae meikle idle jibes and jocking.
I might excuse the sodger for his pranks,
Wha'se been sae lang awa 'amang the Franks
And Blackamoors, that he has learn'd to twaddle
As cleverly as he can mount his saddle.
But as for your Jack, I hae nae excuse—
It's just the nature o' your randy muse.
Fye, lad ! sic nonsense ill beseems the chiel
That I sae aft hae counsel'd for his weal.

JACK, Now, by the pipers of the holy war,
My worthy aunt, I did not mean to mar
Your *tete-a-tete* with this my gallant friend ;
I thought his campaigns all were at an end,
But, like the brave old hero that he is,

He still has some new conquest in his gizz,
And will not raise the siege till he has made
Your heart a captive, though he has to wade
Knee deep in blood to do it.

SOLDIER. **Bravo ! Jack :**
But ere you sail much further on that tack,
One word aside.

[*They whisper together, after which JACK and KATIE retire.*]

SOLDIER [*to AUNT alone*]. You have my offer ; may I dare to press it ? I've been long away
Midst noise and tumult, and would now desire
To settle down. My heart is all on fire
To have your answer. True, as you have said,
It's rather sudden, but be not afraid—
I'll keep my oath ! I lov'd you in my heart
Before I saw you. I have had a part
In many strifes since first I learn'd to roam,
And now would seek the comforts of a home.
I heard so much about you from that lad,
While journeying here, that all my soul felt glad
With the dim prospect that I now had found
A healing balm to cure my every wound.
We have no cumbrance worthy of a name
To mar our prospects, if our mutual aim
Be to inspire a mutual affection,—
Leave minor doubts for future time's dissection.
Your little girl to me will be a daughter,
To wean my thoughts from bygone scenes of slaughter.
To you my father will become a sire

In all ways worthy of your love. The dire
Calamities that have beset his life
Will be atoned for when you are my wife.
We both have health, and may have many years
Of bliss in store, but for those foolish fears
That haunt your mind ; but these you must discard.
I swear by heaven ! ever to regard
My vow of love and truth. My future bliss
Hangs on your answer ; make that answer—yes !

AUNTY. The truth o' what ye say I'll no deny ;
And mair, I dinna see the reason why
We may not prosper, just as weel as ithers
Wha tak' sae lang to maister a' their swithers.
I'll mak' the venture, if ye aye keep steady ;
Sae there's my han'—ye hae my heart already.

SOLDIER. May all the angels bless you for that same !
But, now I think of it—what is your name ?
Mine is Tom Trafton, of the Royal Grays—
Best known as Dashing Tom,—for many days
A sergeant in my troop. But as I hear
Jack in the hall—your name, ere he appear.

AUNTY. My maiden name is Jenny Smibert.

SOLDIER. Then,

Dear Jenny ! I, in common with all men,
Will take this happy chance, before it slips.
To seal our bargain on those tempting lips.

Re-enter JACK and KATE.

JACK. How goes the siege ? Methinks our aunt
looks flush'd.

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LAIR
I heard
My dea
I've bee
I had so
To see y
Before I
Eh, man
When y

Not yet surrender'd? Why, you should have push'd
Your works up closer.

SOLDIER. Cease your babbling, Jack—

The thing's all right! I've had my arle smack;
And now, to prove my title to such bliss,
Before you both, I claim another kiss.

AUNTY, Fie! Tom, gie o'er wi' a' this wanton bother.

SOLDIER. Provoke me, and I'm bound to have
another.

JACK. This sort of thing's infectious, Kate; so, here,
Take that, and that, and still one more, to clear
Away all envy from these pouting lips,
Rich in the nectar which old Cupid sips.

KATE. Be done wi' a' sic nonsense in the licht,
Ye haivrel fool. I vow, a bonny plicht
Ye've put my hair in wi' your foolish pranks;
Frae me, I wat, ye'se get but little thanks
For sic like capers. List! as sure's I'm here,
The laird is at the door.

Enter the LAIRD.

LAIRD.

What means that steer
I heard e'enoo? Eh! is it sae? Why, Jack!
My dearest lad, I'm proud to see you back.
I've been sae frail, and ye've sae lang been gane,
I had some fears my yearning micht prove vain
To see ye ance mair seated by my side
Before I died, wi' Katie for your bride.
Eh, man! how I hae pray'd for this to be,
When ye were far awa' upon the sea.

I had a lawyer down by here short syne,
And gat a' matters settled to my min'.
The mailing will be Kate's, wi' a' the stock
O' horse and nowt, and sheep, and a' the flock
O' pigs and poultry; but, remember, ye
Maun promise henceforth to forego the sea,
And live at home with Kate, my only bairn,
To guard and guide her. I hae grown forfairn,
And now I stand in need o' you, my son,
To cheer and help me till my glass is run.
To aunty here, wha'se acted wi' sic faith
As Katie's guardian, since her mither's death.
I've left in guid hard cash five hunder marks,
To help to keep hersel' and bairn in sarks.
And I wad hae ye, Jack, for Katie's sake,
O' aunty there your confidant to make,
As I hae done on mair than ae occasion,
And found her aye clear-headed on probation.
She's but a lanely woman, as you ken,
But ane that's worthy o' the best o' men.
I've kent her since she was a wee bit wean,
Scarce fit to toddle o'er the floor her lane;
And, though I say it mainly to her face,
She's ever been an ornament and grace
To a' concerned. Noo, Jack, the truth to speak,
I want the nuptials to tak' place next week,
Or next again, at farthest, as I tear
I am not destined lang to sojourn here.
What say ye, lad? for Katie kens langsyne
My mind upon the subject. What is thine?

JACK My mind is simply this: "Thy will be done"

In all things you have mentioned, save in *one*.

LAIRD. And what may that be, I am bauld to speer ?

JACK. For answer, you must ask my comrade here.

LAIRD. Preserve me, Jack ! I never saw the chiel ;
My seven senses naun be in a creel,
To be sae clattering about our affairs,
And twa strange lugs wide open to hae shares
O' a' was said. Wha is he, may I speer ?
He seems a swanky lad, baith hale and fier.
A sodger too ; I like him nane the waur
For that. My faither fell langsyne, afar
On lone Corunna, fechtin' under Moore,
When I was but a lad. A dreadfu' stour
Was that same faught, where Moore himsel' was slain !
Wha are ye, lad ? I'm gi'en to speaking plain.

SOLDIER. That fault's my own, old man—if fault
it be ;

I always love a manner frank and free.
I am a soldier, lately from the wars,
In which I've had my share of cuts and scars.
My name is Trafton, *alias* Dashing Tom,
Of the Scots' Greys, now long away from home,
But back once more, still stout in lith and limb.

LAIRD. His peace be here ! Ye're no the son o' him
I kenn'd langsyne, poor man ! wha's only son
Maist broke his heart, when to the wars he run
To hide his shame ?

SOLDIER. I am the same, old man :
I stand confess'd before you. Now, I've ran
My course of madness, and have found the father

You speak of; and may curses round me gather,
If, in the future, I don't make amend
For all the past. I thought him dead, old friend,
Till, by the merest accident, I met
And recognized him. Now, you see, I've set
My plans for future comfort. I have pledg'd
My troth to wed this lady. We're engag'd
To join our lots in one, on the same hour
When Jack and Katie enter Hymen's bower.

LAIRD. Preserve me, Jenny! I heard nought o'
this,—

It quite dumfounds me what I hear. Why, bless
My heart! to think that we hae liv'd sae lang
In this same house thegither; and hae sang
Sae aft in unison our evening psalm
O' praise. It mak's me maistly like to dwawm
To think, if this be true, that you, at least,
Could keep sae fell a secret in your breast,
As if I wasna worthy o' the trust
I aye hae plac'd in you. Now, hear me! must
My faith in you be broken, or can ye
Explain the matter to mak' a' things 'gree?
Speak out at anes! I'll lend a willing ear,
And anything ye hae to say I'll hear.

AUNTY. Noo, laird, just calm your fears, I didna tell,
Because, ye see, I didna ken mysel';
'Twas but this day the bargain has been made,
While ye were quietly on your hammock laid;
And sae, ye see, I've had but little chance
To tell ye aught about it. But a glance

At matters as they stan' will show you, laird,
That we hae acted for the best. I car'd
But little for a change. sae lang as Kate
Was single; but, when in the marriage state,
It never suits for aunts, or uncos either,
To interfere wi' twa that's bound thegither.

LAIRD. Weel, I declare! that woman has a sleicht
O' makin' a' she does seem in the richt;
She's never wrang! tak' ye my word for that,
She ever has her reasons ready pat
For ilka deed. When done, she's maybe richt.
But tell me, sodger, can ye vow this nicht
That ye hae drappet ilka wild stravaig,
And mean to settle like a douce auld naig.
If sae, for my auld frien', your faither's sake,
I'll gie ye my consent. If no, I'll make
An alteration in the will, and leave
The cash to Jenny's bairn. I would as lieve
See Jenny in her grave, as bound to ane
Wha'd use her ill when I am dead and gane.

SOLDIER.

I swear!—

LAIRD. Na! na! my lad, nae swearing here,
That's just a remnant o' your wild career;
Just place your hand upon your heart and say,
With God's help, till my last, my dying day,
I'll ever prove a husband kind an leal,
And sober—mind ye that, my swanky chiel,—
And if I ever cause my wife a tear
Through fault o' mine, may a' the demons sear
My worthless saul down in the burning pit

Wi' brunstane cinders, three times doubly het.
What say ye, sodger, to my offer now?

SOLDIER. That I am ready to endorse the vow,
With, or without, the brunstane.

LAIRD. Then I say
Amen! Here, Jenny, tak' his hand, and may
An auld man's blessing a' your steps attend.
A virtuous life aye brings a happy end.

SOLDIER. Both said and acted like yourself, old man.
May all the blessings which prevail, from Dan
To Beersheba, rest on your hoary head
For that same resolution.

LAIRD. Now to bed,
The morn we'll get a' ither matters squared
About the nuptials.

JACK. But hear me, laird—
I wish to know, before it comes too late,
How did the lawyers fix up the estate
My father left me?

LAIRD. That matter's settled, Jack,
To my contentment, and I think, in fack,
Ye'll be mair than content when ye hae seen
The papers. But the morn, if spared, I mean
To place them in your hands, and then ye'll see
I've done my best to mak' things a' agree.
Sae, guid nicht, lads, the morn, if a' be weel,
I'll warn the minister to get his seal
Set on your pactions. Katie, lass, come here,
A kiss, my dawtie! for it noo seems clear
I winna hae ye lang. Guid e'enin', aunty:
My word, ye're looking twice as crouse and canty

Beside your jo, than ye hae done a' simmer,
When flowers were gay, and leaves were on the
timmer.

JACK. One song before we part, and all must join
The chorus in this version of langsyne.

TUNE—"Auld langsyne."

Its sweet to mix in scenes like this,

Where genial hearts combine,

To take and give a loving kiss,

As Adam did langsyne.

For auld langsyne, my dear,

For auld langsyne;

Let each that's here his lassie cheer,

For auld langsyne.

Sae ye'll tak' Jenny by the han' ;

And, Katie, here, is mine ;

In weel, or wae by ither stan'

Like our forbears langsyne,

For auld langsyne, &c.

In peace or war, let Jenny be

Aye boonmost in your min',

Then care and strife will ever flee

Like foemen loons langsyne.

For auld langsyne, &c.

And I, where'er my lot be cast,

Upon the land or brine,

Will love my Katie to the last,

Like Abraham langsyne.

For auld langsyne, &c.

ACT THIRD.—THE WEDDING DAY.

JACK alone in the garden.

Well, here I am alone, this blissful morn ;
The sky is clear, although no warbler's horn
Sends forth its music to congratulate
Me on my union with my pretty Kate.
The trees have shed their leaves, but still the earth
To me seems beautiful, as at its birth
It was to Adam. But, then, even he
Was not content in Paradise, till she—
Our common grandmother—to him was given,
And then his earthly bliss partook of heaven.
But she, poor thoughtless soul, was fond of knowledge,
And, as she knew not where to find a college,
She pluck'd from off the tree on which it grew,
Then in full fruit and right before her view,
Some of the envied treasure, found it sweet,
Then pluck'd some more, and made her husband eat.
But, hold on, Jack, you know full well what evil
Came from that act, and play'd the very devil
On earth ; so that we now must toil and sweat
Through Winter's cold and Summer's broiling heat
For food. Well, be it so ! I'd rather hate
The fiend, and labour hard, than lose young Kate.
On that point Adam and myself agree,
For, like a man, he stuck to Eve. But see
Here, Jack, what next came of it, when young Cain,

The firebrand, left his brother Abel slain
 Upon the field? Well, that's a poser! but,
 Ye see, it was not Adam made the cut
 Which kill'd him. On the contrar, he and Eve
 Long mourn'd his death. Cut down like unripe sheaf
 Of grass; and all through jealousy and envy
 On Cain's part, which he never dar'd deny.
 But there's some consolation in my fate—
 I've nothing to be jealous of but Kate;
 And, then, thank God! I have not got a brother
 To kill. But if the son of any other mother
 Would dare to envy her! But hold on, Jack,
 No need just now for all this foolish clack;
 Such abstruse meditations all belong
 Of right to parsons. Let us have a song!

TUNE—"Miller of Dron."

O! what delight, this morning bright,
 To feel the breezes play
 Upon my cheek, while here I seek
 The sun's first op'ning ray.
 To Nature's child, the desert wild
 Has always something gay;
 So, here I sing, as blythe as Spring,—
 This is my wedding day.
 So, here I sing, &c.

Ye powers of fate, protect my Kate
 To bless these arms for aye;
 Till both our locks, like wintry shocks,
 Are silver'd o'er with gray.

She fires my soul, beyond control,
To sing this roundelay.
Yes, Kate, my girl, my senses whirl
On this, my wedding day.
Yes, Kate, my girl, &c.

And when we steer our course from here,
May Captain Death array
Us in one berth to leave the earth,
So that we ever may
Through endless years in other spheres,
Companions on the way,
In union sing, till echoes ring
Our joyful wedding day.
In union sing, &c.

SOLDIER, alone, in front of the cottage.

This morn I feel my mind all in a maze
At what's transpir'd within the last few days.
I thought I'd seen enough of sudden changes
Between old Dover and the river Ganges,
And so I have, but this exceeds them all.
Why, let me see. Yes, I could almost fall
Upon my knees to thank the bounteous Giver
Of all this bliss, which, like a stemless river,
Comes rushing on me. A few days ago
I deem'd myself alone ! saw naught but woe
And future loneliness ; then came the storm
By which I was o'ertaken. When my form
Was lowly bending 'neath the heartless blast,
My spirits vanquish'd and my hopes o'ercast

With gloom, here came that gallant sailor lad,
Like a relieving angel. Bless him ! had
Another hour elaps'd before he came,
What might have been my fate ? I dread to name
What were my sad forebodings at the time.
But let that pass. What next ? Then to a clime
Of genial love and piety he led
My tottering footsteps, where with warmth and bread
I was refresh'd, and liven'd with a cup
Of my old enemy. But then a sup,
Worn as I was at that time, did me good—
It stirr'd my pulse and warm'd my stagnant blood.
Then came my father, whom I long had thought
Beyond all care and sorrow. But I wot
I now have turn'd a leaf, and chang'd the route
I hitherto have follow'd. What a lout,
With all my so-call'd dash, I must have been
Not to have written to him. When the Queen
Bestow'd this medal on me, for my dash
In saving that young maiden by a flash
Or two of my bright blade, I felt so much
Elated, that I deem'd myself, if such
Had ever liv'd, a knight of the first water
For succouring that old man's lovely daughter.
But how, I marvel, would my pride have sank
If some bold fellow in a neighboring rank
Had whisper'd in my ear this sentence, "Tom,
When last I was on furlough to my home,
I saw your aged father often led
From house to house to beg his daily bread ?"
But then I did not know. Now, I have found him,

I'll try with love and comfort to surround him.
My wife, too, for this is my wedding day,
Will do the same. Yes, Jenny, if I may
Conclude from what I have both seen and heard,
You are a gem of love, who will regard
His years with tenderness. But when I muse
On this transition in my former views
Of matrimony, I feel sore perplexed,
And wonder what the devil will come next.
Well, let me see! I'll join the church, and then
Advise with her like other sober men.
On one point I have made a firm resolve,
Let what may come, I never will involve
That loving creature, Jenny, or her child,
In grief on my account. That I was wild
And dissolute beyond my peers, God knows,—
Now, with His help, I'll keep my present vows.
That song I made last night, while ling'ring here,
I'll try its echo on my inner ear.

TUNE—" *Did you ever see the devil?* "

Now my marching days are over,
So no more I'll be a rover,
But still live under cover
 With my own dear wife ;
Where my darling little Jenny
Will partake of every penny,
And our children, if we've any,
 Will be joys for our life.

With a father for consulting,

And a wife that won't be jilting,
Who the devil would keep bilting
At a bar-room door?
So, farewell to drink and folly
And the demon melancholy,
I must live a life that's holy,
Which I never did before.

Now away, ye tempting glasses,
And ye wanton barrack lasses,
I've a joy now that surpasses
My experience of yore;
I've a charming wife to love me,
So, by all the stars above me,
They will find, when once they prove me,
I am Dashing Tom no more.

JACK and the SOLDIER meet at the garden gate.

SOLDIER. Why, Jack, my lad, you're early on the deck;

How beats your pulse this morn? My own, I reckon
Not what's the matter, feels all out of sorts,
Just as it did when brought up to the courts
To be attested. This is something new
In my experience: yet there were but few
Who pick'd their drill up quicker in my squad
Than I did after joining. But, egad!
I feel a little nervous; much the same
As I have felt before a deadly game
In war began. I feel all o'er agog
To see the girls. How are they?

JACK. Stop my grog,
If I can tell ; I have been strolling round
An hour or so, and have not seen them. Sound
The alarm ! and rouse up both the beauties
On this, the morning of their nuptial duties.

SOLDIER. Hold on there, Jack ! no need for all this
haste—

The morning's young, so let us have a taste
Of the fresh air ; they'll soon be stirring now.

JACK. Mayhap they may, but all the night, I vow,
I could not sleep for thinking about Kate,
The witching little craft. But see here, mate,
What of the parson ?

SOLDIER. Why, you know, the laird
Said he would see to him.

JACK. I'm rather scared
He'd sleep upon the way. But list ! I hear
The boatswain pipe to breakfast and good cheer.

After breakfast. LAIRD alone.

LAIRD. It lang has been my wish to see the twa
United in the bonds o' love and law ;
And noo the happy day has come, I feel
My heart grow big with gratitude. The chiel
Is worthy o' her. Aft my heart grew grit,
When by the ingle here I saw them sit
Sae modest, yet sae fain. If her dear mither
Was to the fore, what joy we a' thegither
Micht share. His faither, too, leal, honest man,
Lang wish'd this consummation. When I ran

Ayont this morning to the minister, I saw
 That godly man I 'mself' approv'd of a'
 The fell arrangements I hae made, and seems
 To think their hopes of bliss nae idle dreams.
 And what for should they? baith are young and stark,
 With a braw nest egg to begin their wark;
 They've lo'ed ilk ither lang, and been weel tried
 To prove their faith. And then again, beside,
 If they should hae a bairn, whilk's no unlike,
 That same will bring mair sunshine to their byke.
 And as for aunty, she's a prudent quean,
 She'll manage that mad sodger lad, I ween,
 Unless the deevil' him; but I think
 He's no sae cams' when he's out o' drink,
 But she can lead him with her winning way
 To see the richt frae wrang. And then his pay
 Will keep them aye frae want and in a beild;
 Forby, he seems a strapping, manly cheild.
 But what keeps Kate? I told her to come in
 And crack a blink before the steers begin;
 I kenna what's come o'er her, I maun see—
 This is nae time to mak' a tirrivee. [Retires.]

KATE, alone.

Dear me! I'm sae put through, I kenna weel
 What first to do, my head's in sic a' creel;
 That saucy fellow, too, wi' his daft capers,
 Has nearly ruin'd a' the curling papers
 That's in my hair. And then, again, my aunty
 Has wark enough hersel', though she's sae canty.
 But she gaed through't before, and kens the gate

Of a' pertaining to the bridal state.
I wonder what she'll do wi' that big fellow,
Brunt by the sun till he's baith brown and yellow,
And speaks o' naething worthy o' the mention
But fechts and sic like, past my comprehension.
But she kens best hersel' ; I wadna gie
Ae blink o' Jack's bright, sparkling, dark blue e'e
For a' his bulk ; and then he dants me sae,
And's aye sae fu' of roguish wit and play,
That I feel lanely when he's no beside me—
With him, I scarcely fear what micht betide me.
But I maun rin and get the table set,
And see that a' the vittles are kept het,
Till ance the sodger and young Jack returns,
With the guidman and guidwife o' Whinburns ;
And that frail wandering wicht, the sodger's faither.
Waes me ! but they were lang awa frae ither,
But noo I hope the son will keep his word,
And mak' him blythe till laid into the yird.
The laird has ken'd him lang, and aften says
He was a wally man in former days.
But what was that ? I thocht I heard a knock,—
Preserve me ! its already twelve o'clock.
What will the laird think o' my fell neglect,
But I'll rin in and show him due respect. [Retires.]

AUNTY, *alone.*

Whar has the lassie gane ? She seems quite carried,
The foolish thing, about this getting married ;
But then she's young, and kens na' o' the fyke,
The fash, the care, the troubles and the like

That ever follow every stage o' life,
 But aye a double share fa's to the wife.
 E'enoo it a' seems sunshine, and, nae doubt,
 They hae fair prospects. Baith are young and stout,
 And hae a good down-setting to begin
 Their matrimonial career. But din
 And fash aye come alang with bairns, and when
 She has a clutch o' sic wee wives and men,
 A' racing roun her, tumbling chairs and stools,
 And skirling far aboon the gamut's rules ;
 With dirty faces, and mair dirty hippins
 To wash and snod, with here and there the drippins
 On the floor head, she'll no be sae light-headed,
 I'll gie my word for that, if it be needed.
 As for mysel', I hae na meikle fear ;
 He says he'll aye behave weel, and keep clear
 Of a' his former habits. Yes ! and then
 He is so tall and handsome, that I ken
 But few that look sae weel. And when he speaks
 The flush of manhood glows in e'en and cheeks.
 And then he seems sae fond like of his faither,
 Noo that he's found him, that I maun be either
 Nae judge of men, or else he, on his part,
 Will cheat me sair, if not good at the heart.
 A wee thocht training with a canny hand,
 With him will be mair powerfu' than command.
 I weel can see he has a stubborn will,
 That wadna yield to driving ; but I still
 Can see he also has a tender point
 That may be led, if naething out of joint
 Should interfere. Anither thing I see,

[Retires.]

He's unco fond o' bairns, and sae, if we,—
I'm no sae auld yet, only thirty-five,—
Should in our new relationship contrive
To get a bairn, a wee, fat, chubby laddie,
I will insist on naming't for its daddy ;
And then, I ken as weel as tongue can tell,
He'll gang clean gite about it and mysel'.
The prize money he speaks of and his pension
Will mak' an or'nar' income, no to mention
My ain braw nest-egg lying in the chest,
My ither orras, and the laird's bequest.
And then again, the comfort that I'll hae,
With a guidman to cheer me nicht and day.
The mair I think o't, I see less occasion
For making scruples or a false evasion.
But I maun seek for Kate, to get her aid
To cook the pies and puddings I hae made. [*Retires.*]

LAIRD and KATIE.

LAIRD. Dear me ! my bairn, ye hae stay'd lang awa' ;
I waited for ye anxious in the ha',
But still ye cam' na ; say, whar' hae ye been ?

KATIE. No very far, I warran', but I clean
Forgat my promise, in the unco steer
To get things ready ere the guests appear.

LAIRD. Weel, weel ! it may be sae ; but whar is
aunt ?

She seems the day to mak' her presence scant.
That sodger jo of hers has turn'd her head,
But hooly, hooly, time will bring remeid.

When will the lads be back frae Whinnyburn ?
They've been a gey while gane.

KATIE. I'll tak' a turn
Alang the knowes, and look out frae the rock ;
Jack said they'd a' be hame by three o'clock.

LAIRD. Ye needna mind, my bairn, there's time
for a'
That's to be done—e'enoo it's scarcely twa ;
And then the minister will no be here
Till sax at e'en, and sae ye see, my dear,
There's nae need for sic hurry. Has your aunt
Seen to preparing a' things that we want ?

Enter AUNT in a flutter.

AUNTY. Guid bless me ! Katie, I've been roun' and
roun',
And searching for ye a' gates up and doun,
To get ye for a helpmate in the spence,
Sae come awa' noo, like a lass of mense ;
The day is wearing on, and I declare
They'll a' be on us ere we are aware.
Excuse her, laird, the lass, ye ken, maun learn
She's noo nae langer to be thocht a bairn.

[AUNT and KATE retire.]

LAIRD. Weel, be it sae ; I'll lie doun for a snooze—
I canna bide this racket in the house. [Retires.]

Enter JACK, singing.

TUNE—"Bonny Dundee."

Chorus. Now, fill up a cup to toast our good cheer,
But don't make it brandy, or whisky, or beer ;

A sip of good coffee or sterling Bohea
Is enough to enliven the soldier and me.

To the old folks at Whinburn this morning I spoke,
Saying, "Up, laird, be stirring, and don thy best cloak;
And you, my good mother, give over all strife,
For to-day Kitty Barbour will be made my wife."

Then up got the laird, took his staff in his hand,
Saying, "Now, lad, I'm waiting the word of command;
Bring along the old wife, I feel joyful this day
To join in the cheer of your bridal array."

The soldier look'd bold, as he mounted the car
To drive the old couple to here from afar;
He oft crack'd his whip, while he sat in the van,
And spoke words of joy to his hoary old man.

The mendicant now has got over his grief,
And laughs with a glee that surpasses belief;
They're all at the door here, awaiting the laird—
Haste Aunty and Katie to show them regard.

Hey! Aunty! Katie! skipper! ship-a-hoy!
The craft's deserted! neither man nor boy
Aboard! What, ho! The devil! this don't tally
With discipline. I'll try the cooking galley.
Aunt! Kate! where are you at this juncture, say?
The ship's adrift, and may be cast away
If handled thus.

Enter LAIRD in his night cap.

LAIRD. What ! is the house on fire ?
Or what's the matter, that your vocal lyre
Is strung to such a pitch ?

JACK. Where's all the crew
Got stowed to ? Here we are, but neither you
Nor Aunt, nor Kate, nor any one, to meet us,
Or with a common courtesy to greet us.

Enter AUNT and KATE, both speaking at once.

BOTH. What may the matter be ? for goodness
speak ;
Is any body kill'd, or what's the reek ?

JACK. Who talks of killing on a wedding day ?
Kill'd ! no, my Kate ; but you were all away
And out of sight, and no one to receive
The passengers. Old Whinburn, with your leave,
His wife and soldier's father, all await
A cordial greeting at the garden gate.

LAIRD. Preserve me, Jack ! and am I staring here
Like willyard nowte, and my auld frien's sae near ?
Haste, Katie, bring my bonnet and my stick ;
I'll gang and meet them—haste ye ! lassie, quick.

*[Retires, and shortly returns with the trio, the
SOLDIER bringing up the rear.]*

SOLDIER. Hey ! Jenny lass, once more I have the
bliss
To greet my charmer with another kiss.
This is my father, whom I long had lost ;

He now is yours, too, or will be, at most,
A few hours hence ; embrace him as you would
Embrace your mother's husband. If I could
Wipe out the past from memory, as I hope
To wipe it out in deeds, I might— but stop,
This is no time for sentiment. Again,
This worthy couple—may we still retain
Their good esteem and imitate their worth,—
Are those I told you of, at whose blest hearth
I recognized my father. In my name
I wish you, Jenny, to embrace this dame
As a true mother. Both have done for me
What for myself I could not do. I'm free
To think, but for the timely aid which Jack
And they bestowed upon me, when the wrack
And ruins of the wind flew round my ears,
That night would prov'd the period of my years ;
Whereas I'm here now, full of life and mirth,
A bridegroom and the happiest man on earth.

GUIDMAN. My blessing on ye baith ! I little thocht
That stormy nicht, when ye a shelter socht
Within my beild, that sic a wondrous change
Could be so soon brocht roun'. Within the range
Of a' my recollection, and that reaches
Ayont three-score, I mind o' naught that teaches
To me mair plainly how each wise design
Of Providence is brocht to pass. I tine
A' claim to earthly foresight, when I scan
Sic miracles as this. Your douce auld man,
Here sitting by my side, was sae o'ercome

By grief and want, wi' neither house nor home
That he could seek for refuge frae the blast,
Kept struggling on, but, waes me! sunk at last
Exhausted in the storm. Then Jack's quick ear
O'erheard his moan, and, without halt or fear
For ghaist or bogle, at a time o' nicht
When ony or'nar' lad wad swarf'd wi' fricht,
Ran out and fand him lying on the grun,
And brocht him in to find his long lost son.
It's truly wonderful to contemplate
The hidden laws which aye govern our fate!

MENDICANT. E'en as ye say, His ways as far exceed
Our comprehension, as the tiny seed
From which springs forth the most minute of forms
Sinks 'neath the magnitude of heaven's storms,
When the embattled thunders fiercely roll
And spread sublimity from pole to pole.
And weel for us its sae! Could we conceive
At life's first conscious dawn how we would grieve
Before its close would come, there's few, I fear,
Would hae the courage lang to sojourn here.
I've had my share of almost every ill
That man inherits; pray'd for death! but still
It would not come; and once in my despair
I so forgot my duty, as to dare
Even heaven to do its worst, and stole
Out in the dark, resolved to cut my soul
Adrift, with all its sins, to find a road
Through self-destruction to an angry God.
My hand was stay'd. A wee bit helpless bairn,

Whase plaintive moanings made my heartstrings yearn
To ken the cause. I peer'd into the dark,
And fand its mither lying dead and stark.
The wee thing, weel row'd up into her plaid,
Was lying helpless by the mither's side.
This sae absorbed my mind that I forgot
A' my ain griefs, and sat me down and grat,
Then took the bairn up and retrac'd my way,
And had it car'd for. Early the next day
The mither's cauld remains were brocht alang
And decently interr'd. The bairn grew strang,
And, in the course o' time, grew up to be
As fair a lassie as e'er pleas'd the e'e.
But what need for sic waefu' cracks the day,
At bridal times we should be blythe and gay.
My dochter here, if she'll no think me rude,
I fain would say, if she's but half as good
As she is bonny, then I'm sure that Tom,
If he behaves, will hae a happy home.
What say ye, laird, ye ken the lassie best?
If she's no good, she's bonny, I'll attest!

LAIRD. If ye'll attest the beauty, I'll gang bail
For a' the rest.

JACK. Belay, and take in sail
A reef; if you go farther on that tack
You'll lose your reckoning. This all sounds like slack.
I like aunt well, but still I would not prate
Too much about her beauty. Here is Kate,
A little sunbeam, yet you can't afford
For her one solitary thought or word.

It is not manners to sit so complaisant,
And praise one lady while another's present.

SOLDIER. Bravo, Jack ! how I love to see your hump
Rais'd on that shoulder. Hark ! your pulse's thump
Is almost audible at every beat
Your heart gives. Zounds ! man, laugh down all this
heat,
And be yourself again.

AUNTY. Ye're twa great fools,
That canna hear a joke within the rules
Of common sense and modesty, but ye
Maun raise your birses in a tirrivee.

KATE. I dinna ken what a' this talk's about ;
But I maun rin and tak' the haggis out
Before it spoils.

AUNTY. And sae maun I, to get
A' things assorted and the table set.

GUIDWIFE. And I'll gang wi' ye, 'lasses, for a wee,
And aiblins help ye to prepare the tea ;
I'm an auld han', ye ken, amang the dishes,
And aye gat credit for my loaves and fishes.

[*The trio retire.*]

SOLDIER. When comes the parson, laird ?

LAIRD. At sax o'clock
Preceesly.

JACK. Why, shipmate, it might shock
The parson's nerves to meet us in this rig ;
Let's change our canvas and brush up our wig ;
The girls too—why, they must have time to trim
Their studding sails to suit the breeze. The dim

Light of the day bespeaks the hour as near.

What is the time, laird ?

LAIRD.

May His peace be here !

It's nearly five o'clock already ; I maun gang

And change my sark. Sit still, I'll no be lang.

[SOLDIER, JACK and LAIRD retire.]

MENDICANT. Hear ye, guidman, there's something
in my breast

The day, that mak's me feel as if at least

A score o' years had been ta'en aff my eild,

To see sae great a change come o'er that chield.

GUIDMAN. I dinna doubt ; but while the laird is
gane,

What say ye to a step across the lane

To see his kine. He has some bonny stock

As I hae seen for lang, forby a flock

O' sheep, whase marrow, I can weel be bound

Ye winna find in a' the country round.

Sae tak' your stick, we'll hae a canny turn

Alang the lane, as far's the loupin' burn.

[Both retire.]

JACK and SOLDIER alone.

JACK. Up anchor, now, my lad, and let us scud

Before the breeze of matrimony. By the bud

Which blossom'd on Madge Rolston's crimson beak,

I'm all alive for joy. Here at the peak

My colours flutter, and will flutter still

In truth and honour, while with Kate I pull

The bow, and she sits quietly at the helm. The flame

Of love I feel within me for that same
Dear little Katie, cannot, will not, die.
She loves me, too, I know; her gentle sigh
To me proves more than volumes that her heart
And soul are of my own the counterpart.
Now hear me, soldier, ever since the time
When she could lisp my name, a mutual chime
Of love has echo'd through each other's soul,
Which came unbidden, and defied control.

SOLDIER. I well can understand your feelings, Jack;
I once was young myself, and know what rack
Was mine when she I told you of expired.
For years, I like a fool, of life felt tired;
But time works wonders! now my veins are cool,
And I can love with reason. As a rule,
In youth we're govern'd more by passion than
By judgment. The cool winnowing fan
Of years, however, cools our ardour, and
We learn to see things as they are. I stand
Before you, Jack, a living monument
Of youthful folly and of time misspent.
To me my parents were all love; and more,
The prospects which the future held in store
Were not to be despis'd. But on the grave
Of that young girl my soul, however brave
In war, became a coward, and forsook
Its post. For years I never dar'd to look
Stern virtue in the face. Until the night
I met my father, life seem'd all a blight.
But now, thank God! I've also found another,

Your aunt, to love and live for. A brother,
Also, I have found, if you will own my right
To call you such : and so a long good night
To sombre meditations. Jack, my lad,
How goes the time ? Methinks the parson's pad
Has stumbled by the way. Let's seek the brides.

Enter the LAIRD.

LAIRD. This way, my lads, the minister abides
You in the spence.

JACK. With all my heart, I'm ready.

SOLDIER. Now Jack, keep pace, and let our march
be steady.

[The whole company assembled in the spence.]

MINISTER. Much love and joy to all assembled here
On this serene occasion ! May the cheer
Which ever follows virtue, be the lot
Of all pertaining to the gordian knot
About to be effected. Marriage, friends,
Was first established for the wisest ends
By our Creator, to perpetuate
His crowning work. My friends, the marriage state,
Ordain'd as it has been by heaven's behest,
Must be, and is, of every state the best
To those who wish to make it so. When two
Fond, loving hearts unite, and strive to strew
Each other's path with flowers, what on this side
Of heaven can match their rapture as they glide,
Link'd hand in hand and heart in heart, through this

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Bedims the vision of my look-out man.
Say, parson, did you think 'twas Aunt ?

SOLDIER. I can
And will explain the matter in a word ;
You see, your rev'ence, with a joint accord,
Jack and myself agreed, that on this march
We would go comrades to the Royal Arch
Of Hymen, so we next applied for leave.
Jack was all right, but in my case, I grieve
To say, that the commander made demur,
Except on certain terms ; and so, with her
Consent, I signed ; then he demurely granted
To Jack and me the favour that we wanted.
So, now you understand that Aunt and Kate
Are the two principals, and Jack's my mate.

MINISTER. Who are the witnesses ?

SOLDIER. Why, do you see,
I'll stand for Jack, and he will stand for me.

MINISTER. There must be some misunderstanding
here,—

Two women can't get married !

SOLDIER. That's quite clear ;
But with two men they can. Now, on that score,
There's Kate and me, and Aunt and Jack, make four.

JACK. Avast ! there soldier, cease such idle prating,
You know full well that Aunt and I ain't mating.

SOLDIER. I mean not as you say ; here's Kate and
Aunt,

And you and me. What does the parson want ?

LAIRD. If I may say a word, he wants to ken

Wha are the brides, and wha the happy men
That's to espouse them.

SOLDIER. Then that's easy said.

I go for aunt : I never was afraid
To own my colours. Jack here goes for Kate ;
Mayhap it's now all right. What say you, mate ?

JACK. Why, what else can I say, but yes : I stand
Here ready for the splice ; so put your hand,
Kate, in my grappling irons. Now, parson, say
The word which makes us one.

MINISTER, *producing a book and writing material.*

MINISTER. Please, sir, delay
A little. Such impetuosity
Is not becoming in a lad like thee.
What is your name ?

JACK. My name ? why, surely Jack !
I thought you knew it ; if you don't, a plack
Might buy your memory. Sure, you knew my father,
Squire Robinson, from whom you used to gather
The rack-rent for the glebe each quarter day ?

MINISTER. Oh ! yes, I recollect. Now, soldier, say,
What's your cognomen ?

SOLDIER. It was Dashing Tom
While in the army and away from home ;
Before that time Tom Trafton,—now-a-days
Tom Trafton, Sergeant of the Royal Greys.

MINISTER. Yes, that will do ; positions now, and
stand
Each by his bride, and, with uncovered hand,
Make ready—

SOLDIER. With leave, sir, you forgot to call
Attention, or command the troop to fall
In order and position ; then make ready
To do their duty well, both firm and steady,
As I have seen full oft before to-night.
At Balaklava—

LAIRD. Preserve us a' ! I'm quite
Bambouzed wi' this sort o' daft-like wark.
Hey ! Jack, he maun be either daft, or stark
Mad past a' cure, to thus affront us sae.
Correct the minister ! Hech, sirs ! the day.

MINISTER [*smiling*]. Fall in ! Attention ! Number !
Dress ! Right face !
Now march ! Keep steady ! Halt ! Each to his place !
Secure your comrades, and prepare to charge !
Cut down all opposition, small and large !
But halt ! Attend the roll ! Tom Trafton ! !

SOLDIER. Here !

MINISTER. That's right, my lad ; step to the front !
You swear
To love and cherish Jenny Smibert—her
Who now stands by your side—without demur,
As your true lawful wife, from this time forth,
Till death shall you divide. You'll prize her worth,
As a true husband should. And furthermore,
You promise, with your person to adore
And worship her alone. Now, will the bride
Accept you on these terms ? I now abide
Your answers. Ah ! that's well—so both agree.
Now, Jack and Kate, you hear the terms ; do ye

Both willingly, and of your own accord,
Accept of the conditions? Say the word.
All four affirmatives! Now join your hands,—
I now pronounce you by the holy bands
Of matrimony join'd. Let each and all
Concerned fulfil their part, and timely call
Upon the Lord for succour, and draw near
Unto Him night and day, and He will cheer
And lighten up your path to endless bliss
Beyond the limits of this wilderness.
My blessing on you all, and may this life
Be one harmonious whole to man and wife.

SOLDIER. Now, the chief object of our mutual band

Accomplished, will the parson tell me where he
Acquir'd the knowledge, so as to give command?

It seem'd so natural, I swear, that were he
A layman, I would have him now arrested,
And make him prove he ne'er had been attested.

But as it is, the war now being o'er,

And I myself just enter'd a new army,
I will not press the matter; but, before
We part, I'll ask him, if he don't get barmy,
If he ne'er witness'd any kind of drilling
Save that of masquerading and quadrilling?

MINISTER. You're a shrewd guesser, Tom; and, on my
part,

I love to be off-handed with a fellow
Who has seen service. In my inner heart
I scorn these knights of carpet and prunello,

Who flaunt their uniforms on state occasions !
Let danger come— a corps of mock evasions.

I'm now far up in years, but I have seen
The time, Tom, when the British red-cross'd banner,
Beneath the Iron Duke, could never screen

A coward traitor when our country's honour
Requir'd bold deeds and bolder men to do them ;
From Spain to Paris I have waded through them.

Not with the sword, I own, but with a zeal
Not the less ardent in my avocation ;
The soldier's welfare and my country's weal
Were always foremost through my long probation
As chaplain to the gallant Ninety-second,
The first in worth where glory's cost was reckon'd.

And still I have a spark of the old fire,
Which burns up when I see the crimson jacket ;
It wakes to mind the sieges and the dire
Conflicts of arms in many a bloody racket,
From lone Corunna down to Waterloo, where
Old Bona's sword was turn'd into a ploughshare.

LAIRD. But, dear me ! minister, I never kent,
For a' the mony days that we hae spent
In ither's company, that ye ere had been
A votary of Mars. I've often seen
A certain kind of irritated glance
Spark frae your e'e when folks would speak o' France ;
But little thoct I it was sodger's blood
Coursed in your veins and put you in that mood.

And sae ye saw Corunna ! as ye tell
 Whar General Moore and my auld faither fell.
 Hech, sirs ! my mither's was a waefu' house
 That day the courier bodies brocht the news
 That fill'd the land with joy ; for the same post
 Brocht word of faither's death. My mither lost
 Her senses at the news, and swoon'd awa'
 In presence of her bairns. They were but twa,
 Mysel' and sister Kate—she then but nine,
 And I was somewhat aulder ; but the Rhine
 Ne'er pour'd its floods with greater freedom than
 We pour'd our heart-relieving tears. And whan
 I saw our mither lying like the dead,
 Ye weel may guess what thochts ran in our head.
 But she reviv'd syne, and as time aye blunts
 The sharpest pangs ; she, too, got o'er her drunts,
 And liv'd to rear her bairns with pious care,
 And gie them baith a fair amount of lair.
 She's noo lang in the mools, and sae is Kate,
 My sister ; but my happy, happy fate
 Replac'd the latter by this lassie here,
 Wha never yet has caus'd a sigh or tear
 To fall frae heart or e'e o' mine. May she
 Share in her new estate the same degree
 Of wedded bliss she yielded as a daughter.

JACK. By all the mermaid brides that's in the water,
 You may sleep sound on that score, if it be
 My privilege to confer it ; for you see
 In blessing her, I only bless myself ;
 And this I say, he must be diff'rent delf

From that I'm made of, if he tries to spite
His soul by branding of his heart. The wight
Who would so act, must be an inborn fool,
Because in either case—this is a rule
Without exception—all the ill that comes
Devolves upon himself.

SOLDIER. Yes, Jack, but homes
Are oft made hells by that same spirit. If,
When two become as one, they turn'd a deaf
Ear and blind eye to minor matters, and
Resolv'd to bear and forbear, and to stand
Each other's right-hand man in weal and woe,
Where is the arrogant, insidious foe
Who would essay a conquest of their peace
And harmony? Let useless railing cease
Between the husband and the wife, and when
Fell strife stalks *but* sweet loving joy comes *ben*.

Enter the GUIDWIFE.

P GUIDWIFE. The table's set and ready to sit down,
The haggis reekin' and the turkey broun,
The callop's dish'd, and steaming like a pie;
The pig is roasted, and a braw supply
Of cockie-leekie ready for the laidle
When ye're a' ready in the room to paidle:
The sheep's head and the tatties baith are guid
As ane could wish on whilk to chow his cude.
I'll pass my word for this—the greens and beef
Are just the thing, and weel can stand the preif
Of a' your gabs, but hurry in and see
Yoursel's, ere they turn cauld.

LAIRD. Just bide awee ;
Gae, Jenny lass, and bring us in the bottle ;
A sirple o' the bree will clear the throttle
O' spider webs, ere we begin to chow.

SOLDIER. But, laird, you know I've made a solemn
vow
Still to refrain.

LAIRD. That's richt, Tam ; but ye see
I made a vow langsyne, so we agree
Sae far as vows gang, that I ne'er wad get
The waur o' drink, and I've aye kept it yet.
But at a bridal, I hae made a rule
To pledge the happy couple's health—

JACK. And dool !

LAIRD. What mean ye, lad ?

JACK. I mean that dool aft comes
By the indulgence into happy homes.
I too, have made the vow !

LAIRD. Lang may ye keep it, Jack.
The minister and I can hae a crack
Between oursels, as we hae aften had
In bygane days, to cheer our hearts when sad.
As for the women folks, I winna seek
Them to sit wi' us by the ingle cheek ;
And Whinburn here, I ken, through a' his life
Has labour'd hard, alang wi' the guidwife,
To turn the country side a' upside down
Wi' his tee'total notions. Then, to croun
The climax, here's my auld frien' Thamas Trafton ;
E'er since the time when his rebellious, daft son

Ran to the wars, he wadna tak' a preeing,
I firmly believe, to save himsel' frae deeing.
But, as the matter's scarcely worth debating,
We winna langer keep the supper waiting.
Noo, minister, just put your glass to mine,
And wish them blessings, temp'ral and divine.
The fiddler's coming ower to mak' a rocking,
And play a spring before they throw the stocking.



THE TWA OWLS.

FIRST CRACK.

"Ye tauntin' loons! trow this nae joke;
For anes the ass o' Balaam spoke
Better than lawyers do, forsooth,
For it spak naething but the truth."—FERGUSON.

In swelling storms the day had passed away,
And darkest night slept over Fundy's bay;
The moon was hid behind a cloudy pile,
And overhead no star was seen to smile;
No sound was heard except the surge's roar,
That burst in foam upon our rocky shore;
And sounding Falls, whose thunders borne along
Swell'd the hoarse echo of the ocean's song.
The silvery rays our Island light-house shed
Hung like a halo o'er the countless dead,
Who, press'd by famine from their native land,
Had sought a home on fair Columbia's strand.
But in their wake, from Erin's stricken shore,
Came pestilence across the ocean's roar;
The ships were smitten by its poisonous breath,
And sharks were fatten'd by the work of Death,
Who on our Island frown'd like an eclipse,
And drew his victim thousands from the ships,

Sav'd from the tempest's wrath and ocean's waves
To reach the shore and sink in foreign graves.*
A HARDING labour'd with a hero's zeal—
Fought the grim tyrant for the people's weal ;
Fair Life and Hope were with him through each tent,
And even the dying smiled where'er he went,
Till, struck at length by pestilential dart,
He felt its poison in his veins and heart ;
So, sternly bowing to the voice of doom,
He left the field unconquer'd, though o'ercome.

Next COLLINS† came, whose ardor, zeal and love,
Seemed inspirations from the world above ;
Though young in years, an amethyst in skill ;
A courage dauntless, an unbending will,
Sustained awhile his warm, impulsive heart
In turning sideways death's relentless dart ;
But, caught amiss, the venom touched his vein,
And rushed like magic to his master brain.

* On the authority of George Harding, Esq., M. D., Medical Superintendent of the Quarantine Station, I may state, that during the rage of the ship-fever pestilence in 1847, not fewer than one thousand of its victims found their last resting place amidst the scanty soil of Partridge Island.

† Dr. J. P. Collins, a young man of much promise, who had just graduated at the Royal College of Surgeons, London, also at Paris, and had returned to the City of Saint John for the purpose of there engaging in the practice of his profession. His success, considering his years, was almost unprecedented. He married, and a few months afterwards, when the emergency arose, humanely consented to act during the illness of Dr. Harding as Medical Superintendent of the Quarantine Station. In a short time he caught the contagion, sank under it, and died at the age of 23 years and 3 months, leaving his young widow, at the time *enciente*, to mourn the loss of a heart and a husband, whose chief characteristics were *love to man and veneration to God*.

Short was the struggle, death had now the grip,
And blanched the colour from his cheek and lip.
But still, while prostrate on his couch he lay,
In physique helpless as his native clay,
His latest blessing to mankind was given.
And, breathing love, respired his soul to heaven.

But to my tale : The midnight's parting knell
Still through my ears rang like a friend's farewell ;
The fire's last embers had withdrawn their glow,
My lamp was flickering, dim, and burning low ;
Yet still I sat in reverie profound,
Deaf to the world, and blind to all around,
When suddenly a rustling 'mongst the trees,
As of leaves shaken by a gentle breeze,
A noisy flutter and a piercing scream
Assailed my ears, and roused me from my dream.
A sudden tremor spread throughout my frame ;
I started, stared, but knew not whence it came.
Next sought the window, and beheld from thence
Two monstrous Owls, perched on the outer fence,
Whose large gray eyes sent forth a sparkling light,
Bright as the fire-fly on sweet July's night.
So wise their glance, so graceful were their airs,
They seem'd two lawyers on two judgment chairs ;
Sagacity was in their every look,
And reverence crown'd them like a priest's peruke.
In silent meditation both seem'd wound,
Nor could I hear them make a single sound.
At length, howe'er, they seem'd inspired to speak,
But first they smooth'd their feathers down full sleek,

And then in Scottish accent thus did clatter
About the Province and Provincial matter.

SANDIE.

Hech man! but things are sadly chang'd I trou
Since first about auld Partridge Isle I flew;
O'er a' its length and breadth, frae shore to shore,
There's no ae tree where I hae seen a score;
The very soil itsel', as sure's I'm breathing,
Has worn awa, Guid help me! quite to naething.
And through the wood, as far's I cast my e'en,
The fient a bird or squirrel's to be seen;
The very bats hae left these shores, in dread
O' being cheated out their nightly bread.
What things will come to at the latter en'
I frankly own is far beyond my ken.

JOCK.

Aye, aye, my frien', the times are sairly changed
Since you and I first through New Brunswick ranged;
Baith up and down, and far, and round about,
A' sorts o' things hae been turned inside out.
But Sandie, lad, I'm sure ye brawly ken
That constant change attends the paths o' men;
They hae so many notions o' their ain,
Ye'd think auld Nature made her works in vain.
Fient haet she's done can please them as it stands,
Be't mountains, forests, rivers, lakes, or lands,
A' maun be made to suit their ilka plan,
And yield subservience to the will o' man;

Na, even the lightning's godlike, fiery stream,
Maun bow obedient to his power supreme.

SANDIE.

Ower true, my frien', that constant change attends
Despotic man in a' his ways and ends ;
Here on this Isle where noo we sit at rest,
My guid auld mither yearly built her nest :
Noo, waes my heart ! the very tree is gane
Whar first I breathed and learned to fly my lane.

JOCK.

Cheer up man, Saundie, dinna look sae sad,
Mankind, when done, are no sae very bad ;
Just cast aroun', frae where we sit, thy e'en,
Ye'll see enough to change thy mind I ween.
Here stands enclosed within this spacious fence
A braw white cottage, rear'd at great expense ;
Inside weel stored wi' blankets, beds and rugs.
'To hap poor sailors to the very lugs,
Wha by mischance hae tint their health at sea,
And, but for succor, micht lie down and dee.
And mark this stately light-house, towering grand,
A shining honour to our native land ;
I'm tauld for truth its brilliant friendly beams
For thretty miles o'er sea distinctly gleams,
To warn the seaman, wha might else be lost,
Against the dangers o' our rocky coast.
This gas-house here, below the Battery hill,
Was built short syne to make it better still.

But waes my heart ! I'm tauld the chiel wha hires
To sweat his saul out o'er their raging fires,
And keep a' things in order night and day,
Has for reward sic shamefu' scanty pay,
That faith he's pinched to keep his bairns in hose,
Or gust their gabs wi' butter to their brose.
If sic be sae, shame fa' me but their souls,
Men though they be, are scanty fit for owls.
Noo glance your e'en adown there to the height,
Ye see a tower stands pleasing to the sight,
Crowned by a bell, that during fog and snow
Warns tentless mariners 'gainst coming woe,
And overlooks the biggings raised langsyne
For helpless emigrants on quarantine.
In short, dear Sandie, viewing this and that,
I deem the Island an improven spat.

SANDIE.

I freely grant they hae done muckle guid,
But then again it fires my very bluid,
To see sae mony o' the leading crew
Strut up and down, wi' deil a haet to do
But draw their salary and dress fu' trig,
Then stand at corners, looking wise and big,
While men who toil and sweat to do the wark
Maun cheat their wames to buy be't brose or sark.
For instance, noo, that very chiel ye name
Wha 'stills the gas to feed the lantern's flame,
Is't richt that he should hae sic scanty means
To feed and clead himsel', his wife and weans ;
Were I a man, before I'd do't mysel',

I'd kick the gas-works and its fires to h—ll.
But, guidsake, Jock, what else could we expect
Frae chiels wha naething but themsels respect.
God help the Province while it trusts its cash
Wi' bankrupt merchants, lawyers, and sic trash,
Wha like a cook, grown greedy o' the grease,
First licks her fingers, then purloins the peas,
And syne dissatisfied with having both,
She claims the pat, the beef, and a' the broth.

JOCK.

Noo haud ye there, and dinna vent sic wrath,
Ere lang gae by they'll tread a different path.
I'll wad a bodle, ere a year goes roun',
Ye'll hear the birkies sowf anither tune :
There's some I ken that winna set their lugs
To bite and snash poor folk as they were dogs,
Claim double labour for a single hire,
And tramp on justice as they tread on mire,
Turn up their snouts at reason's stern appeal,
And look for tribute where they ought to kneel.

SANDIE.

Well spoken, Jock ! they've got true men of late
To guard their richts, and turn the wheels o' state ;
Men fu' o' smeddum, truth, and honest zeal,
Wha wish the Province and the people weel,
And winna tamely let oppression lower
Frae rotten remnants o' the Tory power ;
Real true-blue Liberals baith in word and deed,
Wha'd scorn to rieve folk o' their daily bread,

And's done mair guid in twa three months I trou,
Than Tory jugglers did a' through and through.

JOCK.

A' true, my frien' : sae far as I can see
They've wit and prudence in nae sma' degree,
And's done their best in mony things I grant,
But faith I fear their gratitude's but scant :
It seems to me they take official pride
In turning langsyne proven friends aside.
There's Doctor COWE-THE-LOONS, as staunch a chiel
As ever laboured for the country's weal :
Wi' pen and tongue through many lengthened years
He pled their cause, wi' few or nae compeers,
And syne when done, they gied a sidelins lowp,
And left the Doctor on his sonsy dowp.
Sic base ingratitude was never kenn'd,
And's quite a thing I downa comprehend.

SANDIE.

But dear me, Jock, ye ken as weel as me,
That best o' men will aften step agae :
I ken the Doctor gat but scurvy thanks
For a' his service in the Liberal ranks ;
But still, my frien', I canna bring my min'
To b'lieve them guilty o' sic base design.
There's something queer about the whole affair
That's troubled mony politicians sair ;
But haith ! I'm led to think by public clatter,
There's been some Tory trickery in the matter.

JOCK.

E'en be it sae, for weel I'd like to see
The Liberal birkies keep frae flyting free.
That TILLEY seems a guy lang-headed chiel,
Pang'd fu' o' lear, and gabs as glib as PEEL;
Guid grant him health to scratch an auld man's pow,
And serve his country ye as weel's he dow.
Sae here, my frien', we'll let the matter rest,
And seek the comforts o' our cozy nest.
Some ither nicht I'll gladly hear your views
On ither branches o' Provincial news.

They stretch'd their wings, and with one loud whoo,
 whoo,
Dived in the night and vanished from my view.

SECOND CRACK.

The vernal day had pass'd from morn to e'en,
With bickering showers and sunny blinks between :
The sun had sunk far downwards in the west,
And sombre clouds the moon's pale face o'ercast ;
The twinkling stars were seen, one here and there,
As murky clouds dissolving mix'd in air :
A solemn sough was heard among the trees,
Backed by the echo of the distant seas,
Which, worn out by their struggles on the sands
Of Courtenay Bay, now bade adieu to lands
They could not conquer. All their might and pride
Were laugh'd at by the shores on either side.
" This far, and yet no further shalt thou come :
" Go, seek again thy native cavey home,
" Nor dare intrude your unsought presence here,
" Vile slaves of Neptune ! hence ! and disappear."
These words now potent in my living mind,
Came wafting on the shoulders of the wind
Unto mine ear, but whither came they, say,
From realms of night, or everlasting day ?
I know not, still as onward yet I gaze,
I see the Island Lantern in a blaze :
The Beacon too, though with diminish'd beam,
Still as of yore sends forth its mellow stream
Of light. But hark ! What voice is that I hear ?
A sound familiar's ringing in my ear.
It comes from whence ? From yonder lofty tower,

That crowns the mansion where dark felons cower
Beneath the penitential rod ; whose soul
When made by Heaven was pure as yonder pole
Star, which all spotless gems the world above,—
A shining emblem of God's light and love.
But man, alas ! is ever prone to fly
A crooked course unto his destiny.
Bold as the eagle still he upward soars,
Views earth as naught, his mighty self adores ;
Till all at once his fragile pinions crack,
His strength gives way ; to ruin and to wrack
He forthwith sinks, and by foul prostitution
Becomes an inmate of this institution.
But list ! again I hear that voice ; but whence
It comes, I know not. It can't be far hence :
Ah ! now I have it, that distinct whoo ! whoo !
Has brought my old friends plainly in my view ;
They're perch'd upon the Alms House roof, and seem
As erst they seem'd just waken'd from a dream.
On conversation both seem fully bent,
So let us turn eaves-droppers while they vent
Their pent up feelings. They have long been parted,
And now on meeting both seem jocund hearted.
But ere we list, I must explain who are
My feather'd friends, and thus prevent that jar
Which might arise between our understandings :
Plain dealing's better far than under-handings.
They are the same twa Scottish Owlets, who
Long years ago evanish'd from my view
On Partridge Island, after that long clatter
About this Province and Provincial matter.

So now you understand ; but hush ! no noise !
 It seems to me Jock's ready to give voice
 To his emotions. Yes ! I thought so, listen !
 And mark what rapture in his dim eyes glisten.

JOCK.

God bless me ! Sandie, can I b'lieve my e'en !
 Or am I dreaming through some blissfu' scene.
 Where hae ye been through all these many years
 Since last we met ? I've often had my fears
 That yon braw nicht on Partridge Isle had proved
 The last to me of one sae much belov'd.
 Where hae ye been ? Hech ! man, I'm proud to see ye ;
 Creep closer lad, that I may rub nebs wi' ye.

SANDIE.

By a' that's guid ! Jock, but I am blythe this nicht
 That o'er the Bay I chanced to take my flicht,
 For, like yoursel', I hae richt often wonder'd,
 And griev'd to think we had sae long been sunder'd :
 I thocht ye dead ! man, and my een oft grew
 Dim in the midnight wi' the thochts o' you ;
 But now I feel so joyfu' and elated,
 Wi' downricht joy I scarcely can be sated.
 Rub nebs again ! Jock, then we'll hae some claver—
 I lang hae miss'd you for a rare palaver.

JOCK.

And sae hae I, my much respected frien',
 And often sigh'd while flickering 'neath the sheen

Of yonder orbs, and by mysel' thrang thinking
How many times we twa, baith blear'd and blinking,
Hae sought the depths of some lone woody station
To gie a vent to solemn meditation
On men and things, and a' the different changes
That hae transpir'd within our favorite ranges,
Since we were young, and these, ye ken, are many
And wonderful to view. I vow, if any
Of the first fathers of this spacious toon
Could pay't a visit frae the world aboon,
The metamorphose would be so amazin'
He'd scarcely ken the castle of Bob Hazen.
Within our ain short time ye ken yoursel'
What changes hae been wrought on brae and dell :
Where rocks erst stood in rough and rugged bevels
Has been by perseverance chang'd to levels,
That noo are cover'd by braw stately biggings,
The pink of taste up to their very riggings.
In truth man ! Sandie, it is quite entrancing
To mark how fast this city is advancing.
A score of years since, I remember still,
A small apartment doon on Rocky Hill,
Sae dark and gloomy that an owl might venture
In braid daylight within its porch to enter,
Serv'd as the head post office of this centre
Of business. But in an adventure
Upon the wing last nicht, dear me ! I saw
A magic sicht ! A marvellous, princely ha' !
Cloth'd in the height of architectural beauty,
Just newly built for that same postal duty.
And syne if ye would only take a scance

Alang the wharves some nicht, ae single glance
Will shaw you what improvements hae been made,
And to what heicht they're bringing up their trade ;
Great ocean steamers frae the Thames and Clyde
There in their majesty with safety ride,
Where twenty years syne nought but fishing coble
Could on the tide with aught like safeness hobble.
Yes, Sandie, truly wonderful has been
The march of progress all where's to be seen :
Just glance your eye across there o'er the Bay,
You see that massive building on the brae,
Reared and supported at a great expense
To succour pain and poverty. This dense
And thrifty population lang had need
Of this, or something like it in its stead.

SANDIE.

Just haud there, Jock ; I freely maun alloo,
That a' ye've said is fairly, squarely true ;
Sae far as lime and stane gangs there's improvements,
But still, I think, there's room for ither movements
Of mair importance than the mere material,—
I mean a step to something mair etherial
And moral in its nature. This I'll grant,
The public grieves to see poor bodies want,
And pay wi' pleasure frae their hard-earn'd cash
To help the poor and maim'd ; but then the trash
Wha hae the management o' a' the siller
Are nae mair honest than the common miller.
Great mansions are built up, but mair for show,
It seems to me, than less'ning human woe ;

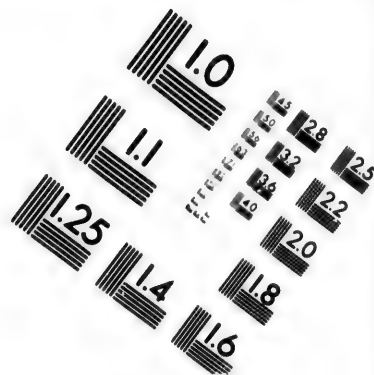
They've hospitals for cripple, blind and dait,
 Well stored wi' comforts; bedding warm and saft;
 The rooms weel heated, and the armories groaning
 Wi' all things needed to relieve the moaning.
 But, waes me! Jock. The *outside* o' their wa's
 Is aye the *brightest side*. In mercy's cause,
 Short syne, I took a flicht across the brig,
 And there I perched to gie my plumes a trig;
 But, dear me! ere I weel had smooth'd my tail,
 An eerie echo, between weep-and-wail,
 Assail'd my lugs, and gied me sic a fright
 I nearly swarf'd, and drappet frae the heicht.
 It came again, and when in haste I flew
 Up to the roof, what think ye met my view
 On keeking through the skylight? Lord preserve us!
 Is yon the charity with which they serve us?
 Man's inhumanity, as Robin says,
 Has ever been the cause of mony waes.
 And sae I saw that nicht! nor could prevent it,
 A poor worn chiel that seem'd lik^e ane demented,
 Crouched in a corner tearing at his hair,
 The very living picture o' despair;
 His e'en were black and a' his nerves were twitching,
 While Rab, the keeper, evidently kept switching;
 "I'll mak' ye wise," said Rab between ilk switch,
 "Unless the deevil's in ye, or a witch."
 Sae when I bore, till I could bare nae langer,
 I scream'd down through the lum to vent my anger.
 Aweel! the skriegh made Rab sae muckle fleggit,
 He started! stared! and was about to leg it.
 When ance again I made a dreadfu' skirling,

And left the monster with his senses whirling.
Returning hamewards at the dead o' nicht,
Just in an easy, cant'ring kind o' flicht,
I did na' feel in ony manner hurried,
And as my mind was still a little worried,
Upon the City Hospital ower bye
I took a perch, and with a silent sigh
Began to ponder on what I had seen
In the Asylum on that waefu' e'en.
Aweel ! I scarcely had begun to think,
Till here again I gat anither squink
Into the practices and vile pollutions
Which stain the moral of such institutions.
A poor unfortunate I needna name,
Wha, nae doubt, was in part hersel' to blame,
Was ta'en in there, amang her other evils,
In comp'ny with a party o' blue deevils.
Weel, females will be noisy at the best,
As we a' ken that ever had a nest ;
But when a woman is the waur o' licker,
Her voice gets louder, and her utterance quicker ;
And so ye see, the wakeful nurse, to keep
Her quiet, and procure some honest sleep,
Had her lock'd up in quarters by hersel',
Where she might wag her tongue like ony bell.
Next day they sent her ower across the river,
Nor flash'd their thooms though she should scream
forever ;
But when they got her there, by my guid feth !
They quickly cur'd her by the means o' death.
But lord, man ! Jock, we need na gang sae far's

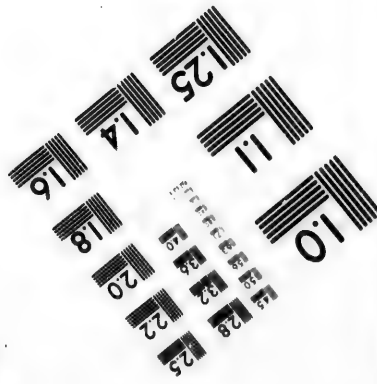
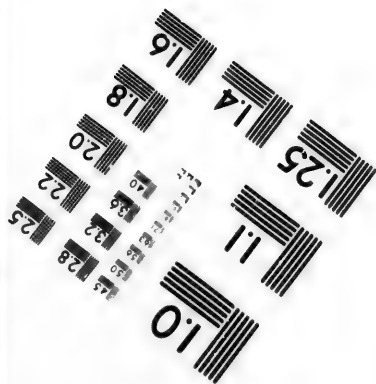
Auld Waddell's boarding house to find sic jars.
 Here whaur we sit, in this hame for the poor,
 There's scarce a day, or aiblins no an hour,
 But sees sic pranks played aff by things call'd men
 As wad disgrace a common midden hen.
 It seems astonishing that human nature
 Could sae impose upon its fellow creature.
 I've heard some things about this institution
 Which was of petty power sic prostitution,
 That if the Magistracy dinna mend it,
 The deil himsel' will hae to come and end it.
 Poor weakly bodies ! far gane up in years,
 And far, far down in this sad vale o' tears,
 Are no the subjects to be treated lichtly,
 As if their poortith was a crime unsichtly.
 It's no the public that's to blame ; ah ! no,
 It's petty Tyranny breeds a' this woe ;
 Look yont the fence there, to yon crim'nal den,
 The keeper and the felon baith are men ;
 And whiles I'm led to think in certain cases
 The twa should be constrain'd to change their places.
 I hae kent wark done there by savage keepers
 That brocht out groans micht wake the seven sleepers !
 And what was done ? They simply got their leave
 To gang elsewhere to murder and deceive ;
 Whereas, had they got justice, by my gut !
 They would been strung up higher than McNutt ;
 For he, poor chield, was drunk, past a' pretences,
 While they were acting in their sober senses.

JOCK.

That's gay weel spoken, Sandie, and I'm fain



6"



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To hae a frien' can speak his mind sae plain.
Whiles in the course o' your remarks just noo
I felt the feathers rising on my broo,
Wi' perfect indignation. But ye see
I've been awa this while amang the free
And happy tenants of the wild and wood,
Whar Nature reigns. My hame, however rude,
Has been a place o' peace and sweet contentment,
Afar frae a' the ills in your presentment.
And sae, ye see, I had nae chance o' learning
What ye hae done by your acute discerning.
The outward features of the scene to me
Seem'd wonderful, in this we baith agree.
I've noted some o' them, but still there's mair
I'd like to hear your views on ; but I swear
I feel bewilder'd when I look aroun'
And see sae mony changes up and down.
It seems to me that this Confederation
Has brocht aboot great changes in the nation.
Amang the ither ferlies that I see
There's ane ayont there that has catch'd my e'e—
It seems a streak along the water's line.
Why, bless me ! Sandie, if I can divine
Correctly, it's a Railway ! When or how
Did it come there ? What is it for ? I vow
It's new to me, but aiblins ye'll enlighten
My darkness on that point. A word may brighten
My memory on this subject as on ithers
That ye hae done, since first we were guid brithers.

SANDIE.

On that point, Jock, I'm no sae very clear,

There's something in it sae confounded queer ;
It seems to me, that for a long while back
The City Council has been on the rack
To learn how best to gratify cupidity,
And prove in every way their rare stupidity.
About that very Railway which ye mention
There's something past a' human comprehension.
The thing was this, ye see, when Confed'ration
Had bound the Provinces a' in one nation,
The Central Government had the design
To link them closer by a railway line,
And, as it happen'd very weel for us,
Saint John became the Fundy terminus.
And sae to work they set ; surveyor chieft
Were a' gaets sketchin' wi' their "caulks and keels,"
To find the spot best suited for a station
To big store houses. After due probation
The Engineers agreed—the rest acceded—
The Ballast Wharf was just the place they needed.
That branch ye see was built to skirt the toon
Doon to the Barrack Ground and syne come roun'
To Reed's Point, where, at any time o' tide,
A muckle ship micht safely, smoothly ride.
Aweel, ye see, the City Corporation
Thocht this a chance for fleecing a' the nation,
And socht sae muckle siller for the spot,
That faith ! Mackenzie's Heelan bluid got hot ;
He swore, ere he would yield to sic extortion,
He'd leave it what it is, a poor abortion.
That's sae much for their wisdom ! Had they mense
Or a hen's nieve fu' o' guid common sense,

They wad hae said, Mac, tak' it as a gift!
The warks will gi'e the district sic a lift
In money value, that we're proud ye lootet
To come our gaet, so say nae mair about it.
But, na, na! they had ither fish to fry;
A something else was in their greedy eye.
Rapacity sits ever at its ease,—
Upon *his* conscience wha kens chalk frae cheese.
But Sandie wasna sae to be outwitted,
He glanc'd elsewhere, and thinks he can be fitted
With equal comfort and accommodation
Ower by in Portland there, near Mill street station.
That's just a sample o' the kind o' men
Wha rule the roast; there's maybe, noo and then,
One in a score that has a spark o' gumption,
But a' the rest are chockfu' o' presumption.
There's e'en the Mayor, may the deevil tak' him,
And a' the ither scudgies that would back him;
He seems to deem himsel' a central star
Roun' which his satellites may move afar,
With eyes full bent upon his every action,
And held in place by his supreme attraction.
God help the body! If he saw himsel'
As ither see him, he wad seldom mell
Wi' country markets, or wad aye be heedfu',
Before he did sae, to secure the needfu'.
We a' admire improvement, that's a fact
Beyond a quibble, but to strain and rack
The public's purse and patience for mere show
Is an abuse his Worship must forego.

"This maun be done" he said, "the street's ower narrow ;

"Ne'er mind the strictures o' the press ; we'll barrow

"What siller we require to grease the axis

"Of this our ring ; and then we'll levy taxes

"To pay the piper ; let the vulgar yaummer :

"While *I* am Mayor, *I* will swing the hammer."

Sic muscle may do weel in pounding pills,

And vending nostrums for a' human ills :

But Doctor Comicus, a brither quack,

Once miss'd his foot and slippet on his back,

And ere a mortal cam that could hae sav'd him,

The vulgar crowd had o' his honours shav'd him.

Amang the rest there's a bit birkie chitty

That wears the sirname o' a Scottish city,

Whose ower outspoken for the scheming clique,

And sae they tauld him a'e day to his cheek,

When a dispute got up about a geldin',

Unless he wish'd their contempt to be held in,

He'd better change his tact and speak less plainly.

But faith ! it seems this speech was spoken vainly,

For up he gat, and wi' a' look o' sconner,

Replied : "Your enmity's my greatest honour."

They swore they'd put him out if sae he ranted ;

He shook his neeve on high and proudly vaunted,

"That his constituency were just the men

"Would very soon return him back again."

Sic scenes as this, I wat, is naething new,

And yet when done, if a' that's said be true,

They're ten times waur in Portland, where, I'm tauld,

A wolf the ither nicht gat in the fauld,

And made among the sheep sae vile a scatter,
That bluid was rinnin' frae their snouts like water.
A doctor cam' wha quickly cool'd their senses,
But wadna tak' a penny for expenses.
I'll tak' a flicht ower there some nicht ere lang
And speir about it at ex-Counc'lor Strang ;
As yet I rather feel inclin'd to doubt it,
But he, I ken, will tell the truth about it.

JOCK.

Preserve me ! Sandie. What I hear you tell
Cowes a' I've heard of since I saw yoursel'
Last on the Island. As I said before,
I've been through wood and wild and hole and bore,
And far awa among the desert moors,
Where reptiles crawl and sombre gloom endures ;
Where roam at will the bluidy beasts o' prey,
To do their warst by either nicht or day ;
But never yet among them hae I seen
Sic cruel doings as ye tell, my frien'.
The wolf will kill his victim, and the bear
Is savage when he leaves his wintry lair ;
The snake at once darts forth his deadly stangs,
The hawk and eagle exercise their fangs,
But neither stoops to torture ; man alone
Delights to hear his fellow creatures moan,
And see him writhe in agony ! The cat—
But haud awae, I think I see a bat ;
Sae rest ye there till I hae ta'en a flutter,
And then we baith can hae a bite o' supper.

SANDIE.

Haith! that tastes weel, Jock, and I'm free to say
Ye catch'd it in a civil, honest way.
No like the police, who, confound their buttons!
Steal slyly in and sneak awa wi' muttons
And lambs, and sic like, that they're left to guard,—
The dish cam' honestly on which we fared.
They're queer concerns, these policeman a' through
Frae tap to bottom; and, 'tween me and you,
I hae some doubts, and have had many a day,
But what they are I winna stop to say.
Ae thing I ken, however, to be plain,
And so do ye, Jock, if I'm no mista'en,
That I hae seen some loons no worth twa placks,
When first the uniform gaed on their backs,
Wha were not lang till they could count out bills
By scores and hundreds frae their hidden tills.
Did a' this, think ye, come an honest way,
By carefu' guidance o' their monthly pay?
Some men, when by the usquabae o'er heated,
Lose mind and mem'ry, and are easy cheated.
And then again, when ance a man is dead,
He's no ower ready to tak' ony heed
O' what 'na han' through a' his pockets scratches
For money, pocket-books, or lever watches.
I ken them weel, and dinna fear to say
That on the far side o' this Courtenay Bay,
The deeds that's daily practised by that force
Nae common knave wad venture to endorse.
An honest man may tak' an antrin dram

And toddle hame as quietly as he cam',
If let alane; but these obnoxious horners,
When nights are fine, keep lurking at the corners;
And if he haps to tak' a step agee,
They're down upon him wi' their evil e'e;
He's dragget, nill ye will ye, to the station,
Syne locket up there to await probation.
The morning comes, and he's brocht up for trial;
It's waur than madness to attempt denial.
MACLAREN swears off han' that he was drunk,
Then comes the mittimus, "eight dollars," clunk,
Says the painches o' the upright judge,
Then a' his safety-valves re-echo fudge!
Short syne a decent lookin' woman body
Was toddlin' hame a wee the waur o' toddy.
At least the watchmen said sae when he took her,
But ere he had got to the *jug* to book her,
A blacksmith chiel, who chanc'd to see the trick,
Cam' to her aid. The Bobby rais'd his stick
An us'd it wi' sic' pith that ere he captur'd
The lad, his napper case was nearly fractur'd.
Sic scenes occur sae aft in this community
That folk begin to think it's the immunity
O' public guardians to turn public robbers,
And every ither kind o' hidden jobbers.
My ain opinion is that every mortal,
Man, chief and magistrate, within the portal
O' yonder dingy court, maun get a scouring
Before their actions get past a' enduring.
But we at last maun part, Jock, as I see

The waukrife east begins to ope its e'e.
So Guid be wi' ye, I'll gae flichtrin hame
Before the sun sends forth his blinding flame.
Some ither nicht ere lang I'll gladly meet ye,
And wi' some mair auld fashion'd gossip greet ye.
Noo guid nicht, Jock, ye ken yoursel' it's best
To pass the day within our cozy nest.



NEW-YEAR'S DAY OF OLD.

Wake Music frae thy dowie trance,
Drive melancholy o'er to France,
And sing baith blythe and frisky,
O' that bless'd day to Scotsmen dear,
The rantin' first-born o' the year,
When care is drown'd in whisky.

I'll sing thy praise ! though clad in snaw
And breathing frost ye come ;
Though icicles hang frae thy beard,
Ye're welcome to my home.

The joys when friens meet then,
In cottage or in ha',
Aye heightens and brightens
The glee o' great and sma'.

Frae morning ear, in transports meet,
The lads and lasses thrang the street,
Their first-fit rounds to ca' ;

Ilk birkie bears a sonsy bottle,
Fill'd wi' stout liquor to the throttle,
To bang the frost and snaw ;

And aye's they rouse ilk drowsy chiel
These joyfu' words we hear—
Success to a' within this biel
Throughout the rinnin' year ;

May pleasures and treasures
Be shower'd on ane and a' ;
May plenty ne'er stent ye,
Whatever else befa'.

By daybreak a' the toun's asteer
To welcome in the new-born year
Right jubilant and jolly.
In neighbour's houses neighbors meet
In blythesome key their gabs to weet,
And scug dark melancholy.

Close by the cheerfu' ingle lug,
Wi' mirth enliven'd faces,
They circle roun' the reekin' jug
Wi' heart and hand embraces.

Syne beinly and cleanly
The cheese and bannock hoard,
Fu' coshly and toshly
Is set upon the board.

The sangs gae roun' wi' meikle glee,
Cheer'd by a sirple o' the bree
That reeks in cups and glasses ;
Roun' gaes the joke, till ilka chiel
Springs to his feet to hae a reel
And tousle wi' the lasses ;
But aft amidst the merry skip,
The tumult and uproar,
A roguish wag gies Tam a trip
Which brings him to the floor,

Where, sprawling and brawling,
A while to lie he's fain,
Syne steching and peching
Gets to his feet again.

But ere he's richtly on his stumps,
Right backwards in a chair he plumps,
O' drink and dancing weary ;
Still roun' the room the lave gae rantin',
The fiddler sweet and sweeter chantin',
To keep their spirits cheery.
They jink and swing still roun' and roun',
Aft changing hands and places,
Till tir'd, at last they a' sit down
And dicht their sweaty faces.
The glass then they pass then,
To lift their sinking glee ;
For care then can't share then
The joy o' ilka e'e.

Here the guidman cries out, " Guidwife,
Bring ben the kebbuck and a knife,
The basket and the bannocks ;
Wi' mountain dew to thaw the frost,
What care we for the hailstane host
That's rattling on the winnocks ?
The wun may roar o'er sea and shore,
It canna harm us here ;
The sleety blash and a sic trash
But beets our fireside cheer.

Such bliss, wife, as this, wife,
Comes only ones a year ;
O' toils, wife, and moils, wife,
We're unco seldom clear."

Teetotaler lads may waste their cash
On lemonade and sic cauld trash,
Till girning wi' a colic ;
But for a ranting, social spree,
There's nought can kittle up the glee
Like sterling alcoholic.

Its magic powers what muse can sing?
It clears the cloudy brain,
It lifts us to the realms aboon,
And drives awa' ilk pain.

It charms us, it warms us,
In either love or war ;
It nerves us, and serves us
To drive dull care afar.

Awa' aboon the roaring linn
The boisterous curlers mak' a din
That mair resembles Babel
Than men o' sense and kindly friens,
Contesting for the beef and greens
At nicht to grace the table ;
And as the ither bonny stane
Comes snoring to the tee,
The hats and bonnets off are ta'en
And waved aloft in glee.

The coves then and brows then
Are lifted wi' sic cheer,
That no man to woe can
Submit at the New Year.

Then come the vials frae their fabs
To beet their love and heat their gabs,
And synd their roupet wizzens ;
For on the ice, in auld or young,
While aught remains beneath the bung,
Nae thrapple ever gizzens.

Wi' crumpie cakes and toasted cheese,
Weel sprinkled o'er wi' mustard,
Let epicures say what they please,
They mak' a dainty custard.

The keen air mak's mean fare,
For I hae made a test o't,
Gang metely and sweetly
As ony o' the best o't.

Aroun' the gleefu' curling rink
The nimble skaters skim and jink,
Unheedfu' o' the roaring,
But whiles they mak' an awkward feign,
And trip against a curling stane,
While to the tee its snoring ;
And weel for them if nae mair harms
Than dauds upon the doup
Should come, for broken legs and arms
Aft follow such a cowp.

Still skirling and whirling,
The ithers flee around,
None daring or caring
To raise you from the ground.

Thus gangs the day frae morning's licht,
Till anes the sombre shades o' nicht
Come creeping frae the east ;
When, wi' their skates or coves in hand,
They form a joyous, happy band,
To share the e'ening's feast.

Each heart elated wi' the fun
And frolic o' the day ;
How Robbie lost and Johnnie won,
Each birkie has his say.

Wi' roaring and sploring
They mak' the tavern ring ;
Midst laughing and quaffing
Time flees on speedy wing.

The sportsman seeks the woods and moors,
Despite the wun and passing showers
O' chilling sleet and snaw ;
Arm'd wi' his gun and pouter bag
He gains the shelter o' some crag
To practise on the crow ;

But puss full oft finds to her grief
That this is but a ruse
To work hersel' some black mischief,
And hide his secret views.

When keepers are sleepers,
Or blinking fu' at hame,
Encroachers and poachers
Can take a steady aim.

The e'ening aye is sure to bring
To ilka house a social ring,
When bygane thraws and cankers
Are a' cemented o'er the sup,
Or drown'd forever in a cup,
To clear a' doubts and hankers.
The auld folks sit in douce confab,
And crack o' days gane by,
But aye again they hatt their gab
And wink the ither eye.

Hey! Jeems man, it seems, man,
Just like the ither day
When we twa, at Bar-shaw,
Enjoy'd our bairnly play.

And now, to think it's fifty years,
Wi' a' their changing joys and tears,
Since last we saw the place;
And a' our youthfu' cronies gane,
While you and I are left alane
Sole remnants o' the race.

Its mak's me feel a kind o' wae
Oppress me in the breast,
To think that ere next New Year's day
Brings roun' the New Year feast,

That we, Jeems, may be, Jeems,
Laid down wi' a' the rest ;
But Gude's will, we'll bide still—
He aye works for the best.

The youngsters act a different part
Where cat-gut scrapers cheer the heart,
And nerve the very heels ;
Nae hum-drum French or Yankee forms
And figures e'er can match the storms
Of joy at country reels.

Awa wi' a' your modern style,
Your beeking and your bowing,
Gi'e me a lass that's worth the while,
And when the toddy's brewing,

I'll reel her, and wheel her,
And kiss her while's between ;
Sic dancing and prancing
Is noo but seldom seen.

The very grandsires couldna help
But shake their sides, while thus they skelp
A' throu'ther on the floor ;
Snapping their thumbs and hooching ! till
The hale house upwards frae the sill
Was creaking out encore.

And syne when a' were out o' breath
The fiddler gat a dram,
To guard his harrigals frae skaith
And serve as healing balm.

While Willie, slee billie,
Took Maggie on his knee;
And pressing, caressing
Her rosy lips wad pree.

Thus pass'd the day in former years,
When life was young, and those compeers,
Now silent in the grave,
Were full of youth, and health, and hope
To climb the lofty mountain's top
On which fame's banners wave.

But now the mools enclose their dust,
Their souls have sought the throne
Of Him who sacrificed the just,
Our errors to atone.

Sans moping, still hoping,
Though we've been parted here,
Thro' faith still, and death still,
We'll meet beyond the bier.



A RACE FOR PLACE.

Quick, clear the course for man and horse,

This is nae time for play, man ;

But give each one an honest run

And see wha'll won the day, man ;

Ilk rider chiel is staunch as steel,

The horses are pure blood, man ;

Nae better can, or ever ran

Frae this back to the flood, man.

Ilk birkie's name is kent to fame,

I ken them a' mysel', man ;

And sic a pack ne'er ran ae track

Since Daddy Adam fell, man.

I own it's true, that some true blue

Is mingled in the core, man ;

But ane or twa is nought ava

When mix'd wi' half a score, man.

There's Jamie Fob, a brainless snob,

Whom a' folks will agree, man,

Baith up and down, throughout this toun,

Stands like a thing, *per se*, man ;

To hear him spout, ye'd think a nowte

Had broken frae the byre, man,

And lent its voice to raise a noise,

In prospect o' a hire, man.

There's Willie Quill, a writer chiel,
Weel lo'ed by a' that ken him,
And that's no few, 'tween me and you,—
May Providence aye fen him ;
To hear him gab, when in confab,
Or aiblins at the bar, man,
Ye'd think him sib, baith back and rib,
To him that nought could jar, man.

He'll keep his place throughout the race,
As sure's the sun e'er shone, man ;
And whip and spur, he'll onwards whir
Frae this to Fredericton, man.
Next in the ring comes birkie King,
A chiel that nane can blame, man ;
He play'd his part, and won the carte
That blazons noo his name, man.

Those stagers twa inside the raw
That come frae yont the tide, man ;
They'll act their part, baith hand and heart,
And mak' a stubborn ride, man.
They ken the grun, what turns to shun,
And also whilk to take man ;
Sae gie them room to sink or soom,
Or whammle in a brake, man.

Next Neddy News, whase Union views
Are kent baith far and wide, man ;
He'll keep his course, and guide his horse,
Nor look to either side, man.

He isna' big, nor apt to lig,
His nose will cut the wun, man ;
And should a blast come on at last,
Ye'll find he'll mak' a run, man.

There's Justice W. H. A. dispenses law—
He'd fill a chair o' state, man ;
But, by my fegs ! I fear his legs
Will bring him in too late, man.
Non-freedom bills, like doctor's pills,
He'll find have sma' avail, man,
To steer his ship, so "let her rip,"
While wind is in her sail, man.

Here's Palmy Law, God help us a',
When ance he mounts his stud, man ;
With spur and whip he'll mak' it skip,
And cock its gawey fud, man.
Thus on they'll scud, through dirt and mud,
Till ance they kiss the grun, man ;
When young St. John will cry Ochon !
And riot in their fun, man.

Observe that hack, 'neath Doctor Quack,
How shambling in its gaet, man ;
And yet I'm tauld, though growing auld,
It's unco hard to beat, man.
But time will try, sae bye and bye,
When ance they tak' the course, man,
We'll better ken what's in the men,
And what's in ilka horse, man.

DOCTOR SPINNER.

O ! wha has na heard o' our braw Doctor Spinner,
Or wha could forget that e'er saw Doctor Spinner,

How he turns up his nose,

Fresh and red as a rose.

When discoursing on physic and law ?—the auld sinner.

He is waefu' conceited and vain, Doctor Spinner,
Yet there's mair dross than gowd in his brain, Doctor
Spinner ;

He can serve up a pill

And a jaw-cracking bill,

But in reckoning he's sometimes mista'en—the auld
sinner.

He is deep vers'd in everything mean, Doctor Spinner,
And he's gey and weel pepper'd wi' spleen, Doctor
Spinner ;

His smooth outer skin

Hides the viper within,

That's aye ready to sting fae or frien'—the auld sinner.

He has travel'd the earth far and wide, Doctor Spinner,
He has cross'd the Atlantic's wide tide, Doctor Spinner,

And amang Scotia's hills

Learn'd to cook up his pills,

Like as mony mair chiels did beside—that auld sinner.

He's a lang chafed, spindle-shank chiel, Doctor Spinner,
ner,

Yet he felt, as the maist o' us feel, Doctor Spinner,
That without a bit wife

There's sma' comfort in life,

Sae the cynics he sent to the deil—the auld sinner.

To the schools he then bade an adieu, Doctor Spinner;
Nae sheep-shank in lear, ye may trou, Dr. Spinner;

Coft a gowd watch and chain,

Ring and souple-jack cane,

Then he stuck a cigar in his mou'—the auld sinner.

Thus spruc'd up he took to the street, Doctor Spinner,
When wha do ye think should there meet, Doctor
Spinner,

But a braw, witchin' quean,

Wi' twa bricht hazel een;

Pitty-patty his heart 'gan to beat—the auld sinner.

“O! great Esculapius,” then pray'd Doctor Spinner,
At this crisis thy votary aid, Doctor Spinner.”

The lassie prov'd leal,

Sae the Doctor, blythe chiel,

Had the bridal bed quickly array'd—the auld sinner.

Then he search'd out a job to his mind, Doctor Spinner;
And, in faith, he was naething behind, Doctor Spinner,

A snug berth he gat

On a lonely bit spat,

Far apart frae those villains, mankind—the auld
sinner.

He resides on a sea-beaten isle, Doctor Spinner,
Where he mixes his potions in style, Doctor Spinner ;
 And on codfish and shad
 He micht feast no sae bad,
But his stomach's derang'd wi' the bile—the auld
 sinner.

His window looks out to the sea, Doctor Spinner,
Where he sits with a glass at his e'e, Doctor Spinner,
 And scans ilka sail
 From the tap to the tail,
Like a spider that's watching a flee—the auld sinner.

He's quite merry at times, as I'm tauld, Doctor Spinner,
Tho' he's noo getting shrivel'd and auld, Doctor Spin-
ner ;

 When boarding a ship,
 He can anchor his flip
With the best o' the youngsters, sae bauld—the auld
 sinner.

But guid sake ! tak' tent not to quarrel, Doctor Spinner,
Or his lip and his nose up he'll curl, Doctor Spinner ;
 On ilk side he'll spit,
 Like a taed in a fit,
And he's rather a venomous churl—the auld sinner.

He has cattle in plenty, I trow, Doctor Spinner,
A dog, a boar-pig, and a sow, Doctor Spinner ;
 A big bubly-jock,
 Twa-three hens and a cock,
Forby a braw keyloe milk cow—the auld sinner.

Tho' he's rowin' in wealth o' his ain, Doctor Spinner,
Yet avarice crawls through ilk vein, Doctor Spinner ;

He wad fecht for a pin,
E'en a louse he wad skin,

If the tallow and hide brocht him gain—the auld sinner.

I shall noo bid goodnight to my frien', Doctor Spinner,
Ere wigs be spread out on the green, Doctor Spinner ;

We may meet sometime hence,
When he'll maybe hae mense

To keep his ain side o' the screen—the auld sinner.



THE CITY OF THE DEAD;

OR, MUSINGS IN THE RURAL CEMETERY, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Alone, like exile far remote
From country, friends and home,
I seek thy mazy Cedar walks,
In musing mood to roam;
Or awe-struck, gaze with silent grief
Upon each narrow bed,
Which holds for thee my kindred's dust—
Lone City of the Dead.

I see within thy solemn gloom
The ghosts of other years;
Their love notes come on every wind—
Their hopes, their joys, their tears;
But soon, too soon, the transient dream
Which rapt my soul is sped,
And left alone thy spectral spires—
Dark City of the Dead.

Great monitor of youth and age,
I see thy pillars rise,
Like hope within the Christian's soul,
Which points from earth to skies;
I hear thy vigil Angels sing
Their requiems round each head

That sleeps in thy sepulchral halls—
Stern City of the Dead.

Within thy dark and cold embrace
An infant daughter's clay
Co-mingles with ancestor's dust,
Whose locks were thin and gray ;
Now lonely o'er their silent graves
My burning tears I shed.
In tribute to thy sacred dust—
Loved City of the Dead.

Along thy wild romantic ridge,
In nooks dark, drear and lone,
I read the tales of other years
On tablet and on stone.
Here from his toil the soldier rests,
Who for his country bled,
Now prison'd in thy charnel mould—
Grim City of the Dead.

Beneath this lowly, humble board,
Reclines the stalwart form
Of him who braved the billows rage,
And dared the demon storm ;
No tender mother seal'd his eyes,
Or watch'd his dying bed ;
No sister mourns him in thy shades—
Drear City of the Dead.

Upon this stone I gaze, I weep,
The magic of that name—

“MY MOTHER”—clothes my soul with fire,
And burns through all my frame.
O ! could I clasp that blessed form,
Recall the years now fled,
I'd gladly yield me to thy bonds—
Dread City of the Dead.

Now to yon rude, neglected spot,
My weary steps I wend,
Where sleeps afar from kith and kin,
My countryman, my friend ;*
No graven marble tells his tale
Or marks his lowly bed,
But there love mourns departed worth—
Great City of the Dead.

Adieu, ye sullen shaded nooks,
Adieu, thou genial gloom ;
Adieu, my long lost kindred's dust,
My friend's untended tomb ;
Adieu, dark City, stern and drear—
When time and death have sped,
Then will thy day of reck'ning come—
Proud City of the Dead.

* The late lamented M. A. CUMMINGS, V. S.



THE HIGHLANDER'S WIFE.

Steek the door like guid bairns, and creep close to the
fire,

This nicht fills my bosom wi' dread ;
The snaw's driuin' sair o'er the hill, and the win,
Like a demon rairs at the lum head.
The puir weary traveller, whae'er he may be,
God sen' him a beild dry an' warm ;
And the mariner tossing afar o'er the sea—
Oh ! shield him frae shipwreck or harm.

The stars are shut out frae the face o' the sky,
That used sae to cheer me at e'en,
For they brocht to my mind the blythe hinny days
When wi' Donald I strayed 'neath their sheen.
But he's noo far awa' amidst danger and strife,
Whar bluid flows in torrents like rain ;
I ken that his heart's wi' his bairns and his wife,
But I fear he'll ne'er see them again.

In the dreams o' last nicht my dear Donald I saw,
Love's tears sparkled bright in his e'en ;
Yet I felt as if death held him back frae my arms,
An' a bluidy shroud hang us between.
He spak na' a word, but Oh ! sairly I fear
His heart-strings are cut by the glaive ;

Wer't no' for my bairns I could rush to my dear
Through the portals o' death and the grave.

Dinna greet, my sweet bairns, I'll be cheerfu' the morn ;
'Tis the sough o' the wind mak's me wae,
An' the thocht that your faither may never return
Frae the bluid-thirsty Muscovite fae.
But aiblins I'm wrang, for the God wha can haud
The vast sea in the howe o' His han',
Can shield him frae scaith, an' may yet send him back
To his wife, bairns, an' dear native lan'.

God ! what did I hear ? 'twas my Donald's ain voice,
Borne alang on the wings o' the blast ;
He said—"Flora, I've come noo to join you for aye—
Haste, dearest, and follow me fast."
Oh heavens ! I see him, mair pale than the snaw,
The bluid's gushing out frae his broo ;
I'm coming, dear Donald—fareweel, my loved bairns !
I'm coming to heaven an' you.

Thus wailed the brave Highlander's heart-stricken wife,
In her cot 'mong the heather-clad cairns,
Then frantic arose, clasped her hands o'er her heart,
Swooned and died in the arms o' her bairns.
Next day brought the tidings of sorrow and woe,
That Donald, the flower of his clan,
Afar 'midst the Crimean deserts of snow,
Fell fighting for freedom and man.

A MOTHER'S WAIL.

Respectfully and sympathetically inscribed to Mrs. ROBERT
MELROSE, Saint John, N. B.

They're gane, they're gane, they're gane,
And I'm left alane to languish ;
My bosom rent by pain,
And my soul the prey of anguish ;
I see their ghostly biers,
And my heart could burst wi' grieving,
For the dried-up source of tears
Leaves nae channel for relieving.

'Tis only days sinsyne
That I heard their joyous pratt'ling ;
'Tis only days sinsyne
They were round the ingle bratt'ling,
With youthfu' bursts of glee
And bright rosy smiling faces ;
Noo, my bonny laddies, three,
Are in death's cold, dank embraces.

With joy I saw them burst
Frae the bud into the blossom ;
With joy them a' I nurst,
As they nestled in this bosom ;
My life was then a dream
Of a future filled with gladness ;

I awoke, and lo ! its beam
Leaves a life of grief and sadness.

They left me as they came,
First, my eldest and my dearest ;
Again the blighter came
For my gentlest and my fairest ;
We JAMIE next, and last,
Sweet and tender as the lily,
Has through death's portals passed
To his brithers—BOB and WILLIE.

It's wrang to fret and pine
'Neath the trials heaven measures,
But Oh ! it's hard to tine
A' sic precious earthly treasures.
They're gane, my a' are gane !
And I'm left behind to sorrow ;
O God ! relieve my pain,
Send some comfort for to-morrow.

I'll seek the lanely plot
Where my darlings three are lying ;
With tears bedew the spot,
And wake echo with my sighing.
My joys on earth are gane,
One by one my heart-strings wither ;
O God ! relieve my pain,
And God help ilk childless mither.

KENNEDY.

TUNE—" *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.*"

Here, around this festive board,
Social joy the reigning lord,
Let us join in one accord

To honour Kennedy ;
Wha can sing a martial sang,
Swell its echoes loud and lang,
Filling halls wi' warlike clang,
Nane compared wi' he.

Hark ! just noo his clarion tones
Fill the field wi' dying groans,
Victory's shouts and widows' moans,
Well-a-day ! quoth he.

List again his melting strains
Floating o'er the battle plains,
Reason reels, while passion reigns
In his melody.

" Bonny Jean " is left to wail
In this dreary, tearfu' vale,
When the bard's last accents fail,
As breathed by Kennedy.
Bruce revives in " Scots wha hae,"
Jack's alive in " Biscay Bay,"

Thunders boom, and lightnings play,
In his minstrelsy.

"Hame came our guidman at e'en,"
Links in mirth both foe and frien';
"Athol's courtship" o' his Jean
Wakes our sympathy;
Ilka "True born Englishman"
Joins McGregor's outlawed clan,
Heart to heart, and han' to han',
At nod o' Kennedy.

How ilka joke and funny crack
Brings "Langsyne" and its mem'ries back,
When "Nannie that's awa," alack!
Was joyfu', blythe and free;
Let ilka "Kiltie," lank and lean,
English sodger, fat and lean,
Sing wi' me, "God save the Queen,"
Led on by Kennedy.



THE STATESMAN'S WELCOME.

TUNE—"Jonnie Cope."

Hey! Sam, my boy, hae ye come again?
And hae ye got your breath again?
If such be so, I would be fain
To hear you spout this morning;
But haith! my lad, I meikle fear
Your views to us are no sae clear,
As when ye shov'd them clean and clear—
Adown our throats yon morning.

Ye tickle some, I freely grant,
Whose brains are soft and senses scant,
But by my saul! what maist you want
Is zeal and truth this morning.
A weel fill'd purse may be commends
To those who wish to drive their ends
By picking up politic friends,
Synae jink them a' next morning.

But, Sammy lad, it winna dae
To treat us thus wi' skim-milk brae,
But though ye're wise, I fear ye hae
Ower much o' that this morning.
A skim-milk cheese is no the thing
To gust the gab o' serf or king,
Sae something better ye main bring
To win us back this morning.

Tak' railroad routes or aught you please,
 Ye'll find your mind but ill at ease,
 Though price o' flour should get a heeze,
 It will not serve this morning.
 When Winter comes, as come it will,
 Ye'll find an unco awkward bill
 Against your legislative skill,
 When coals are dear that morning.

But, Sammy lad, keep up your heart,
 And dinna let your conscience smart;
 Ye'll find some shelf to play your carte,
 And cheat us a' that morning.
 But by my faith! if votes were ta'en,
 And you would try the course again,
 I meikle fear your ankle bane
 Would be richt tired that morning.

But let ilk deil tak' his ain gait,
 Ye're richt just noo, but only wait
 Till ance ye carry legal weight,
 And then ye'll see that morning,
 The deuce a birkie that I ken
 But what prefers the honest men
 To those that hodge and dodge, and den
 For place on ony morning.

I'll wad a groat, and that's no sma',
 Ye'll hirple aff to Ottawa,
 And hap your shanks to cheat the snaw,
 Nor show your snout this morning.

Sae keep your breath for heavy sighs,
And bidding auld wives fair good-byes,
And then ye're sure to win your prize—
An auld wife's praise this morning.

Chorus.

Then hey ! Sam Doodle, are ye working yet ?
Or are your brains but lurking yet,
To play a game at jerking yet
Some ither bonny morning ?



EPISTLE

TO JAMES E. CLARKE, HULL, ENGLAND.

Written extemporaneously.

DEAR JAMIE—

Just enow I gat thy letter,
Igo and ago ;
Read it ance, syne read it better,
Iram coram dago.

Felt a conscientious pang,
Igo and ago,
For neglecting you sae lang,
Iram coram dago.

Noo I'm here at lang and length,
Igo and ago,
Bless'd wi' brose and health and strength,
Iram coram dago.

Arm'd wi' paper, ink and pen,
Igo and ago,
Scribbling to the best o'men,
Iram coram dago.

How are a things wi' you, Jamie ?
Igo and ago ;
Are you still as sage and dreamy ?
Iram coram dago.

Are the wife and bairnies weel?
 Igo and ago;
 Live as kits frae head to heel?
 Iram coram dago.

If they're no, I earnest pray,
 Igo and ago,
 Guid may mak' and keep them sae,
 Iram coram dago.

Gie them a' a *poet's blessin'*,
 Igo and ago;
That he spares best without missin',
 Iram coram dago.

Are ye still at bagpipes bumming?
 Igo and ago;
 On pianos gravely thrumming?
 Iram coram dago.

Tell the scribe o' yon *Critique*,
 Igo and ago,
 He brocht the scarlet to my cheek,
 Iram coram dago.

Sae ye see I'm *somewhat modest*,
 Igo and ago,
 Whilk in *poets* seems the *oddest*,
 Iram coram dago.

GILBERT still is living wifeless,
 Igo and ago,

In a manner tame and lifeless,
Iram coram dago;

No a bairn his foot to tether,
Igo and ago,
But to mine he's quite a faither,
Iram coram dago.

Gif ye saw, man, when he enters,
Igo and ago,
How ilk wee thing roun' him centres,
Iram coram dago;

Till a *sweetie* or *bawbee*,
Igo and ago,
Sends them toddlin' aff in glee,
Iram coram dago.

For a close noo, Jamie Clarke,
Igo and ago,
Guidness keep you steeve and stark,
Iram coram dago.



YANKEE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

TUNE—" *Yankee Doodle.*"

Old Uncle Sam has sworn an oath
No longer words to bandy,
But, hero-like, he'll go and fight
The foes of Doodle Dandy.

Bull's Run, Dixie won—
Drink his health in brandy ;
Yankee doodle, doodle doo,
Yankee doodle dandy.

Our brother *Pat* is at his back,
His blackthorn in his hand aye,
With whack, hurroo ! I'll fight for you,
My darling Doodle Dandy.

Bull's Run, &c.

With martial mein, though lank and lean,
Next comes *bare-hippit Sandy*,
His bagpipes skirling up the strains
Of Yankee Doodle Dandy.

Bull's Run, &c.

The Dutchland folks are shouting "*hooch !*"
And Jonathan takes brandy,
To check Secession in his wame—
Alas ! for Doodle Dandy.

Bull's Run, &c.

Well mounted on a *noble ass*,
 My Uncle waves his brand aye ;
 "Come on my boys, I'll show you how
 To fight for Doodle Dandy."

Bull's Run, &c.

Away they march'd towards the South,
 But BEAUREGARD, the randy,
 Was quite prepared to break a lance
 With Yankee Doodle Dandy.

Bull's Run, &c.

Upon Bull's Run a Southern horde
 Off *Man-asses* did stand, see,
 Till panic seiz'd my Uncle's legs,
 And off ran Doodle Dandy.

Bull's Run, &c.

Now, devil take the *London Times*,
 For Russel is so handy,
 He writes the *truth*, and laughs aloud
 At Yankee Doodle Dandy.

Bull's Run, Dixie won ;
 Honest Pat and Sandie
 Left to fight, while Jonathan
 Ran off with Doodle Dandy.



THE TRENT'S BEEN OUTRAGED.

IN THE STYLE OF A CERTAIN LEARNED M. A.

"The Trent's been outrag'd" by
 A villainous band
 Of cantankerous Yankees,
 With WILKES in command;
 And MASON and SLIDELL,
 With Secretar's twain,
 From beneath the "red-cross'd flag"
 Like felons were ta'en.

"The Trent's been outrag'd," and
 The proud Yankee vows
 His shot flash'd like thunder-
 Bolts "over her bows,"
 And swears by "tarnation,"
 By life and by hope,
 Our Lion he'll haul
 To the deck from the top.

"The Trent's been outrag'd," but
 "What will England say?"
 Aye, that is the question,
 Give answer who may.
 The "Stars and the Stripes" are
 The emblem of "stuff,"
 Display'd at Fort Sumter,
 Bull Run and Ball's Bluff."

"The Trent's been outrag'd," and
 A patriot shout
 Arose when the news came,
 Like bellows from nowte;
 Orations were rampant
 To "*Commodore Wilkes*,"
 That heroe of heroes,
 Who treachery bilks.

"The Trent's been outrag'd" by
 Those favorites of Mars—
 "Gallant Wilkes!" "San Jacinto,"
 "The Stripes and the Stars."
 Hurrah for such glory!
 Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!
 Our triumph's complete, but
 "What will England say?"

"What will England say?" was
 The question which rung
 Through the whole Yankee press; now
 'Tis *suitably* sung—
 "*What has England said?*" Why,
 "Restore us the *trunks*
 And the *pris'ners*, or suffer,
 You miserable skunks."



OUR WEE LASSIE WEAN.

TUNE—" *Bonnie Bessie Lee.*"

Ilka parish has a bairnie, guid aboon the lave,
 And to her loving bosom each mother clasps it fain ;
 Sae our dearest joy of life on the near side of the grave
 Is our peerless pink of innocence, our wee lassie
 wean.

Our ain lassie wean, our bonnie lassie wean ;
 Our family gem will ever be our wee lassie wean.

A wee bewitching fairy, if there's sic a thing ava,
 And ilka neighbor roun' about wad like her for their
 ain ;

Sae knacky and sae gleefu', nae creature ever saw
 Sic a love provoking antic as our wee lassie wean.
 Our ain lassie wean, &c.

Her plump dimpled cheekie, and her laughing, saft
 blue e'e,
 Aye beaming fu' of roguish wiles, wad charm'a heart
 o' stane ;

The music o' her mellow voice, when dancing roun' in
 glee,

Inspires our very sauls to love our wee lassie wean.
 Our ain lassie wean, &c.

Wi' rumble tumble up and down, the bairn's aye asteer,
 Aye joukin out and jinkin in, be't sunshine or rain :

O ! wae fa' the mither that canna but forbear
To see the funny pranks o' our wee lassie wean.
Our ain lassie wean, &c.

We sit with our peers, and rehearse a' our woes
About this ill and that ill, till nature fain wad grane,
Then we turn on our elbow and bless a' our foes,
With shouther-shaking laughter at our wee lassie
wean.

Our ain lassie wean, &c.

Awa wi' your siller, your grandeur and your gowd,
A grandsire and grannie hae better joys to gain
Than baubles to glower at, though ever sae proud,
They hae the dear caresses o' their wee lassie wean
Our ain lassie wean, &c.

But God guideth a' things, and weel do they fare
Wha hae Him for a guardian 'gainst sorrow, sin and
pain ;
And lang may His breath of love impregnate the air
That feeds the tiny nostrils o' our wee lassie wean.
Our ain lassie wean, &c.



WILLIE'S WEDDING.

TUNE—" *The Tinker's Wedding.*"

The sun had slippet out o' sicht,
And left the moon to rule the nicht ;
Aboon the sky was sparkling bricht
 Wi' countless stars, wide spreading O :
The crispy snaw lay 'neath our tread,
While, drawn by twa guid "thorough bred,"
We spanket onward to Greenhead,
 To dance at Willie's wedding O.

 Dirrum, dirrum, dirrum dey,
 The hay time and the tedding O ;
And may we ever bless that day,
 The day o' Willie's wedding O.


Belyve we reach'd the ingleside,
Where won the forbears o' the bride,
A hale auld pair in shank and hide
 As ever own'd a steading O,
The crowd that nicht assembled there,
The lads sae bauld, the girls sae fair,
Ye could na' match, gang onywhere,
 Except to Willie's wedding O.
 Dirrum, &c.

The bridegroom and the bride hersel'
Play'd weel their parts, as a' can tell

Wha saw them wi' the comp'ny mell,
Up till the final redding O ;
The auld guidman, sae fell and crouse,
And the guidwife, sae gash and douce,
Made a' folks happy in their house.
That nicht o' Willie's wedding O.
Dirrum, &c.

The cat-gut scrapers play'd so weel,
That nerve was lent to ilka heel,
And young and auld wi' jig and reel
Were joyfu' to the redding O ;
The worthy minister McRae
Bestow'd his blessings on the twae,
And wish'd them bairnies ane and mae,
As fruits o' Willie's wedding O.
Dirrum, &c.

Ilk season has its special dowers,
The Summer months are rich in flowers,
And hay time brings its happy hours,
With making and wi' tedding O ;
So ilka state o' life has charms,
But maist when truth the bosom warms,
And lovers seek ilk ither's arms,
Sic as at Willie's wedding O.
Dirrum, &c.



TOMMY BODKIN.

TUNE—"Bow, wow, wow."

I, Tommy Bodkin, with your leave,
Here fain would make my bow, sirs,
In all sincerity and truth,
To let the world know, sirs,
I am a tailor thorough-bred,
From famous Glasgow town, sirs,
Where long I cut and measured too,
With credit and renown, sirs.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

All kinds of tailor-work I do,
Tip-top in cut and shape, sirs ;
Coats, pantaloons and fancy vests
Are measured by my tape, sirs,
And warrant, while the cloth endures,
My stitching won't give in, sirs ;
And every article I make
Will fit as neat's your skin, sirs.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

All those who choose may find their cloth,
And trust me without fear, sirs ;
My cabbage-bag long since I burned,
To keep my conscience clear, sirs,
And now all remnants I return
To those who give me work, sirs,

To patch the old, as new is dear,
And so is flour and pork, sirs.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Now, having told you who I am,
And also what I do, sirs,
I'll don my hat, and for a time
Evanish from your view, sirs.
In Hot Goose Lane my shop you'll find,
My tape-string and my shears, sirs ;
God save the Queen, and grant me health
To serve you many years, sirs.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.



TO ARMS ! O MY COUNTRY TO ARMS !

Once more is the flag of old Britain unfurled,
And flauntingly kisseth the wind ;
Her foe is a despot, the scourge of the world,
Her cause is the rights of mankind ;
Her bugle is sounding, her sword is unsheathed,
Her cannon the tyrant alarms ;
O who'd lag behind in such glorious strife ?
To arms ! O my country to arms !

Side by side we now fight with the valorous Gaul,
Who for ages contested our might ;
Now joined, heart and hand, every despot must fall
Who dares to presume on our right.
We have long war'd in error, now equity's laws
Each British and Gaulic heart warms ;
The Godhead is smiling assent on our cause—
To arms ! O my country to arms !

On Alma's proud heights did your victor swords gleam ;
Fierce Inkerman blazons your name ;
Balaklava and Britain together shall beam,
In the annals of history and fame ;
Tcherneyah's still red with the fruits of your zeal,
Your valour humanity charms,
Sebastopol's ashes are spread to the wind—
To arms ! O my country to arms !

Brave Gauls, ye are sons of the heroes who trod
Victorious through Europe in yore ;
Your ancestors fought for the hill of our God,
And dyed it with Infidel gore ;
Then haste to the onset, fame follows your path,
Your Eagle the despot disarms ;
Moscow be your war-cry, and victory or death—
To arms ! bravest Gauls, then to arms !

And Britain, though far from thy mountains I roam,
Though an exile 'mong strangers I pine,
Thou still art my country, thou still art my home,
And thy welfare shall ever be mine ;
May the LILY, ROSE, THISTLE and SHAMROCK long
twine
Their laurels 'midst war's dread alarms,
May friendship and love reign in every line—
To arms, GAUL and BRITON, to arms !



THE PRINCE'S WELCOME.

Welcome loved Prince of our own native Albion,
Welcome this day to Columbia's land ;
Welcome loved chief of the hearts of old Caledon,
Lord of green Erin and India's strand ;
Sprung from a noble stem,
Proud be thy diadem ;
Bright be thy future on land and on sea ;
Long may thy mandates roll
Proudly from pole to pole—
Lord of the mighty, the brave and the free.

What though, when afar on the dark heaving ocean,
The red bolts of heaven around thee did play ;
Forget now thy perils, a nation's devotion
Here greets thee in safety and honours thy sway !
Hark ! how the pibroch's yell
Blends with the bugle's swell ;
Thousands of hearts beat this morning for thee ;
Joyous the welkin rings
Heavenly welcomings—
Lord of the mighty, the brave and the free.

Welcome loved type of the power who, defying
The might of all tyrants, has shielded the slave ;
Stern bulwark of freedom, when Europe was sighing,
And ir'n-shod oppression dug liberty's grave !
Long may our Albert's name

Blazon the page of fame,
Crowned by fair virtue's wreath, bless'd may he be ;
Hail to thee ! Hail to thee !
Gem of earth's majesty—
Lord of the mighty, the brave and the free.

SONG.

Noo Spring has returned wi' its buds and its blossoms,
And nature rejoicing receives her auld frien' ;
The woodlands re-echo the sang o' the blackbird,
And sweetly the gowans be-speckle the green.
But sadly I stray on thy banks, O ! sweet Cartha,
Nor tongue can describe half the anguish I feel,
For death, that stern reiver, has stown frae my bosom
The bonny young lassie I liket sae weel.

Aft, aft on thy banks I hae roamed wi' dear Jeanie,
When nicht's sable shades shrouded mountain and
lea ;
And thocht myself blessed while I claspéd her fondly,
And kissed her sweet lips 'neath yon auld hawthorn
tree.
She was young, she was bonny, true-hearted and win-
ning ;
Aye blithesome and artless, aye modest and leal ;
But death, that stern reiver, has stown from my bosom,
The bonny young lassie I liket sae weel.

Bereft o' my Jeanie, naught earthly can cheer me ;
 In v too the laverock sweet carols on hee,
 The violet and lily hae tint a' the beauty
 That wont in my youth-time to dazzle my e'e ;
 Noo heart-worn and weary I stray by fair Cartha,
 And sigh 'neath the hawthorn sae aften our beil :
 For death, that stern reiver, has stown frae my bosom
 The bonny young lassie I liket sae weel.

 L I N E S

To JOHN INSTON, Esquire, on presenting him with a
 Walking Cane, Christmas, 1869.

I don't mean to say ye're an auld or a frail man,
 On the contrar, I think ye're a hearty and hale man ;
 But in times such as these, on a road where there's ice,
 man,

A stick, at a time, is baith handy and nice, man ;
 It keeps aff the tykes, and prevents you frae falling ;
 It scares awa cats, when at nicht caterwauling ;
 It strengthens our arm, when our legs whiles would
 fail us,

And keeps us upright when a hiccough might nail us.
 Sae tak' ye the stick, and say nae mair about it ;
 It comes wi' guid wishes, and wha dares to doubt it ?
 I ken ye're *my frien'*, and I am *yours* to the back-
 bone—

God lengthen that friendship without blue or black
 stain.

ISABELLA.

O! 'tis pleasing, O! 'tis charming,
When the insect tribes are swarming,
At the hour when lovely Phœbus
Leaves in shade the hills and meadows,
Fann'd by zephyr breathing mellow,
Forth to roam with Isabella.

Soar proud laverock to the azure,
Merle and thrush your music measure,
Smile ye flowers with night dews dreeping,
As from glen and glade ye're peeping,
But in nature nought can fellow
My life, my soul, my Isabella.

Haste on time, and do not tarry,
Bring the nights both clear and starry,
Bring the time when blythe careering,
Reapers throng to join the shearing,
Then, for life, when leaves are yellow,
I'll clasp my angel Isabella.

EPIGRAM.

Here abides H. L. Spencer,
The wholesale condenser
Of nostrums for all human ills ;
If your wife be in travail,
And naught else will avail,
Get a box of his patented pills.

BETSY STRATTON.

TUNE—" *Corn riggs and barley riggs.*"

I've mix'd in circles rich and gay,
Where beauty's eyes were beaming,
And sadly witness'd scenes of wae,
Where virtue's tears were streaming
But in my heart and in my e'e
Whatever joys I daut on,
The image, form and face I see
Of charming Betsy Stratton.

I've lo'ed her deep, I've lo'ed her lang,
Nae man could be sincerer ;
My soul's on fire where'er I gang,
In case mischance should steer her,
But ere the winter taints the east
Sweet wedlock's chains I'll put on,
Then clasp my angel to my breast,
My darling Betsy Stratton.

LINES,

ON HEARING HIM PREACH OF FIRE AND BRIMSTONE.

MacDou'all, MacDou'all,
When the devel wants fuel
To eke up yon terrible lowe,
My soul I could pledge on't
Appoint you his agent,
And then he'll get plenty I trow.

CHEERFUL HARRY.

I have seen many places
And many strange faces
Between this west world and Denny,
But for honest good nature,
Express'd in each feature,
Commend me to young Harry Penny.

So, without reprehension,
One fact I may mention,
Nor feel the least dread of a jar, man,
A *cantier* cock
Never uttered a joke,
Or stood in the rear of a bar, man.

TO A. B. L. STREET, Esq.,

ON BEING PRESENTED WITH A BOTTLE OF OLD FRENCH
BRANDY.

My dear Mister Street, man,
That brandy was sweet, man,
As aught that ere pass'd down my throttle ;
So, by Habbie, the miller,
As soon's I have siller
You'll have to replenish the bottle.

Burns sings of his whisky
For making folks frisky,

But Usquabae ne'er could compare, man,
With the nice genty savour
And luscious flavour
Of yon sort of Frenchified ware, man

So now, Burnet Street, sir,
The next time we meet, sir,
I hope you will take no offence, sir,
If I humbly should greet you,
And wish oft to meet you,
In brandy—let whisky go hence, sir.

TO DR. LIVINGSTONE.

Stern Winter, arm'd wi' icy spear,
Is through the kintra hasting,
And my beef-barrel, O dear ! O dear !
Is far gane in a wasting ;
Sae, dearest doctor, dinna fret
On seeing this sma' docket,
For waes my heart ! the bard's in debt,
And plackless is his pocket,
This waefu' nicht.

THE END.

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LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

A			
Anglin, Hon. T. W., Speaker House of Commons	St. John.	Bell, Joseph painter St. John.	
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Allan, Geo.	"	Breeze, Dudnee merchant "	
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Alward S. barrister	"	Baldwin, G. patent roofer "	
Adam, Jas. barrister	"	Burke, Dennis clerk P. P. "	
Anderson, Jas. printer	"	Bardsley, Robt. hatter "	
Allan, R. R. Carleton F'dry	"	Black, R., M. D. Queen's Co.	
Atchison, A. A. Customs	"	C	
Anderson, Alex. rope maker	"	Chubb & Co., publishers, St. John.	
Allan, Robt. Foundry Carleton.			100 copies.
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Burpee, Hon. I. Minister Customs.	Ottawa-	Coleman, R. Water Works, St. John.	
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Bayard, W., M. D.	"	Coleman, J., Gen. Supt. E. & N. A.	
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		Collard, Geo.	"
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Cummings, J., Skating Rink	"	Ellis, John tinsmith	"
D		F	
Duff, C. Judge S. C.	Fredericton.	Frith, H. W. barrister	St. John.
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Dearness, D. rigger	"	Frazer, John ship builder	St. John.
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Davison, G. merchant	"	Finlay, T. harness maker	"
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Dunham, F. C. nail maker	"	Farren, William	"
Dunham, W. C.	"	Ferguson, John manuf'r	"
Davis, James printer	"	Finlay, Hugh printer	"
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Devoe, J. D. merchant	"	Flaherty, R. safe manuf'r	"
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Donald, J. H. book-keeper	St. John.	Fagan, B.	"
Donahoe, D.	"	Folly, Thomas Customs	"
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Devereau, W. builder	"	Flewelling, C. H. artist	"
Dunlop, Jas. sr., merchant	"	Fraser, James M. cutter	"
Dever, Hon. Jas., Senator	"	Farmer, W. brass founder	"
Dunlop, Jas. builder	"	G	
Dunlop, John	"	Gilbert, H. T., S. Magistrate	"
Dunlop, John, merchant	"	Gregory, E. R. barrister	"
DeBury, Count R. V.	Portland.	Gilbert, G. G.	"
		Grdsoc, Thos. A. merchant	"

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"	Galt, Hugh painter	"	"	"	Johnstone, C. H., M. D.	"
"	Graham, Robert carver	"	"	"	Jones, F. S., Chief Police	Portland.
"	Godard, J. F., Town Clerk,	"	Portl'd.	"	Jones, J. A., ship knees	St. John.
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"	Inches, P. R., M. D.	"	St. John.			

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May, J. S. merchant	"	McMurry, Robert "
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Milligan, R.	"	McDonald & Campbell 2 copies, St. John,
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Murdoch, Gilbert, jr.	"	McLauchlan, F. M. " "
Murdoch, Jos. A.	"	McKenzie, Wm. marble wkr. "
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Maegregor, C. S. merchant	"	McMonagle, P. printer Portland.
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Macfarlane, Jas. merchant,	"	McPherson, David, W Works "
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Macrae, Rev. D.	"	McIntyre, F. clerk St. John.
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Morrow, R. A. H. publisher	"	Narraway, Rev. J. R. "
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Markham, A.	"	Notman, J. photo. artist "
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McArthur, R. D. druggist	"	Paisley, W., P. O. Dep't St. John.
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		Paterson, W., W. Works "

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"	Perley, W. C. barrister	"	Reld, A., Asst. H. Master	"
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"	Pugsley, G. R. barrister	"	Robinson, R. S. clerk	"
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ies,	Pugsley, Crawford & Pugsley, bar-	"	Ross, Hiram harness maker	"
St. John,	risters	St. John.	Rankin, John	"
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"	Page, W. C. jeweller	"	Shaw, Wm.	"
"	Purchase, E. merchant	"	Scovil, P. D. W.	"
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"	Porter, Robt. engineer	Portland.	Seely, T. W. M. barrister,	St. John.
"	Q		Stevenson, R. merchant	Indiantown
ortland.	Quinton, W. A.	Carleton.	Stirling, Jas. builder	St. John.
e Creek.	R		Skinner, C. N., Q. C.	"
Master,	Robertson, Hon. J. 2 copies,	St. John.	Sandall, W., Chamberlain	"
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"	Rice, W. S.	"	Stewart, Geo. auctioneer	"
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ant,	Reed, Robt. ship owner	"	Street, A. B. L. wine mcht.	"
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"	Ross, D. clerk	"	Sweeny, John, merchant	"
"	Robinson, T. merchant	"	Stewart, E. W. gauger	"
"	Reid, Thomas, B. S.	"	Sears, John merchant	"
"	Rogers J. clerk	"	Stewart, L. ship broker	"
"	Robertson, R.	Indiantown.	Shives, R., Gov. Em. Agent	"
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"	Ruddock, J. A. ship bkr.	St. John.	Stevens, W. D.	"
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"	Rankine, A. merchant	"	Sheraton, R. merchant	"
"	Robertson, W. G., Inter. R.R.	"	Steen, Alex. builder	"
"	Ruddock, Jas. merchant	"	Sweet, J. safe maker	"
"	Reld, Thos. manufacturer	"	Stanger, T. merchant	Fredericton.
"	Ross, John wine merchant	"	Spence, James R. joiner	St. John.
"	Rennie, W., E. & N. A. R. R.	"	Sayers, James	Moncton.
"	Robertson, T. B. merchant	"	Starr, R. P. merchant	St. John.
John.	Ruggles, C. F.	"	Smith, Wm. B. 4 copies,	"
John.	Racine, J. W. druggist	"	Amsterdam, N. Y.	"
	Runciman, J. brass founder	"	Smith, Thos.,	Greenock, Scotland.

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Thomson, D. clerk	St. John.		Woodburn, J. R. confect'r	"
Thomson, Robert	"		Wills, A. G. merchant	"
Turnbull, J. E. manuf'r	"		Willet, D. manufacturer	"
Thompson, J. S., Customs	"		White, T. confectioner	"
Thurgar, J. V. wine mcht.	"		Watson, A. A. photo. artist	"
Tuck, W. H., Recorder	"		Woodrow, Ross	"
Thompson, W.	"		Whittaker, J. E. merehant	"
Thompson, John teacher	"		Wales, J. brass founder	"
Tole, Patrick reporter	"		White, F. H. printer	"
Thorne, W. H. merchant	"		Wallace, G. B., Stipendiary Magis-	
Travers, B., M. D.	"		trate,	Sussex.
Tilton, C. F., P. O.	Fairville.		Weldon, C. W. barrister	St. John.
Thompson, S. R. barrister	St. John.		Wilson, J. N. wine mcht.	"
Thom, Geo. farmer	Salisbury.		Watson, W. C. ship broker	"
V			Wilson, John whitesmith	"
Venning, J. A. merchant	St. John.		Willet, John barrister	"
Venning, W. H., Fishery	Dept.		Warwick, L. T.	Indiantown.
	St. John.		Wade, John merchant	St. John.
Vincent, T. A. manufact'r	"		Walker, J. M.	"
W			Wilson, J. L.	"
Waters, L. L., D. D.	St. John.		Woodrow, James, Ass't Postmaster.	
Warner, D. B., U. S. Consul	"			St. John.
Wetmore, A. R., J. S. C.	Fred'ton.		Walsh, S. wine mcht.	"
Willis, Hon. E.	St. John.		Wilkins, Johnston clerk	"
Woodworth, J. L. merchant	"		Wishart, John shipper	"
Watters, Chas., J. C. C.	"		Wickett, J. H. merchant	"
Welsh, S. merchant	"		Ward, Clarence	"
Welsh, W. W.	"		Wilson, John, whitesmith	"
Wilson, J.	"		Y	
Wedderburn, Hon. W.	"		Young, L. H. manufact'r	St. John

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